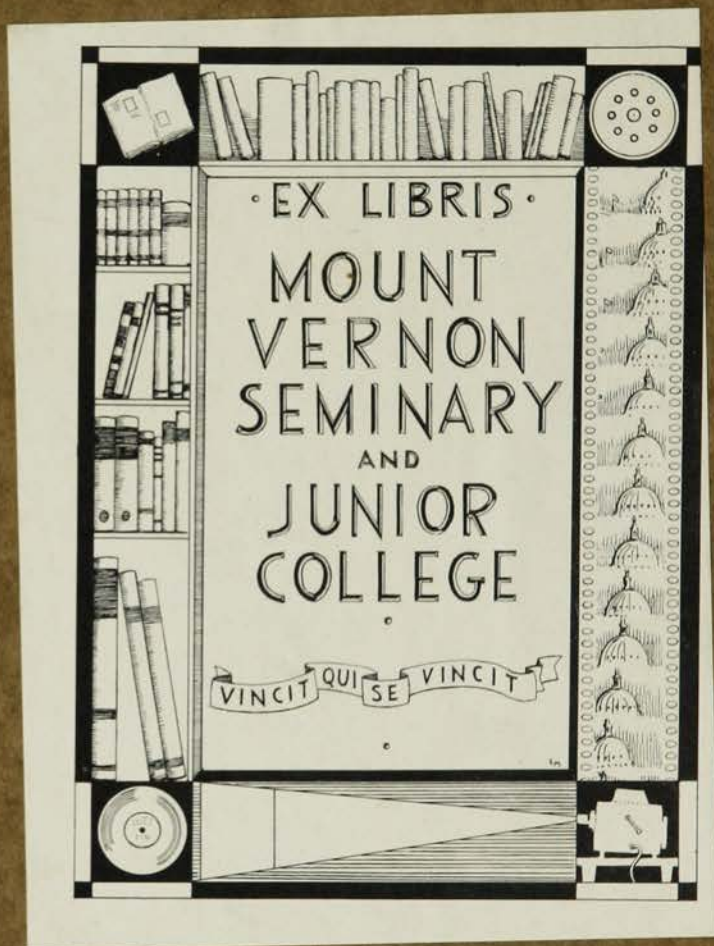


# THE CUPOLA



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ELIZABETH BINGHAM

*Business Manager*

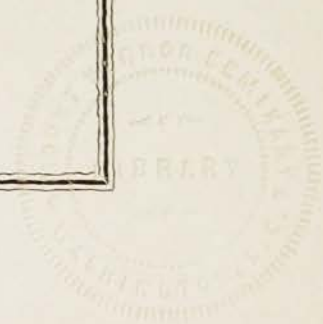
THE  
CUPOLA

VOLUME VIII



MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1930



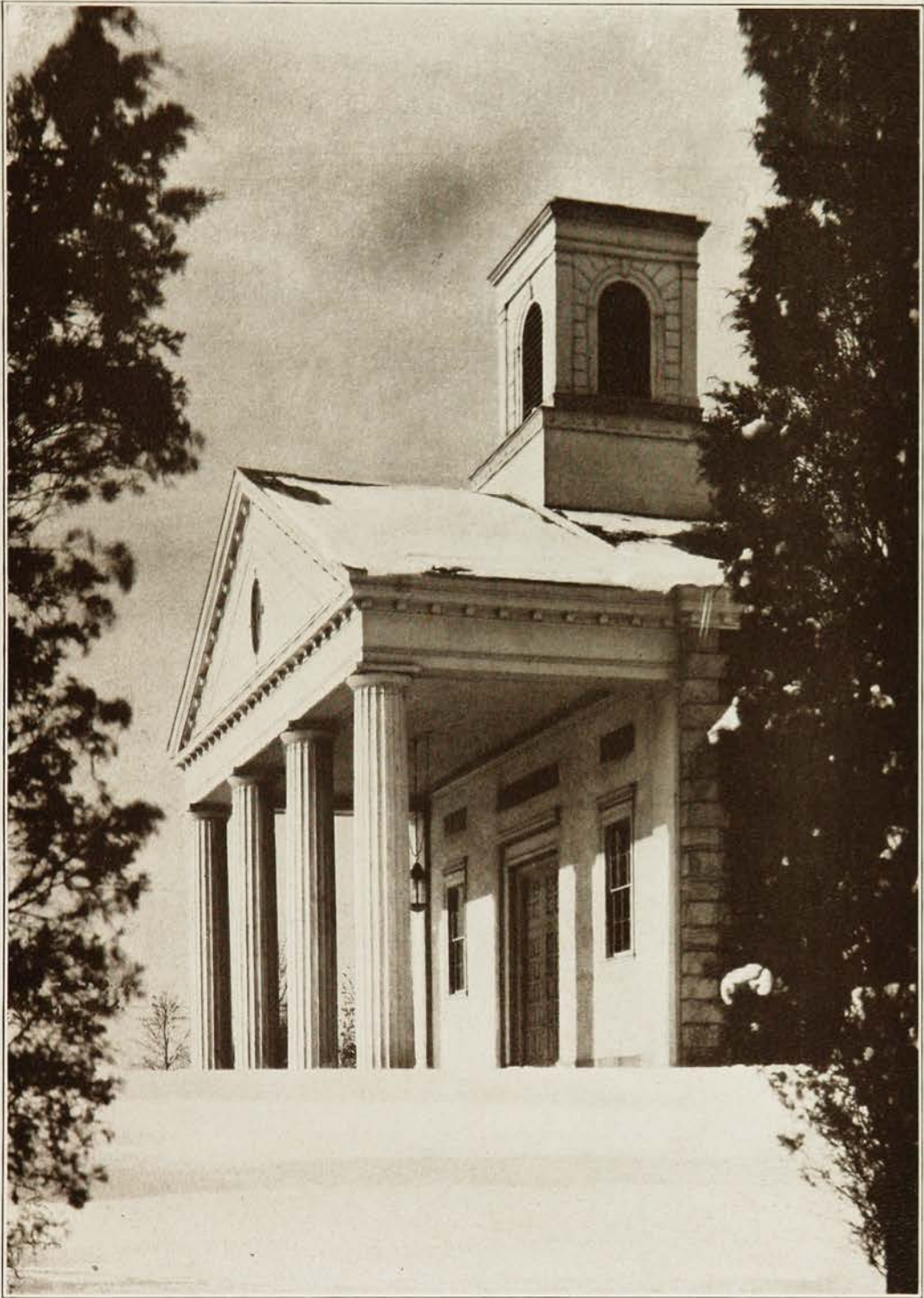
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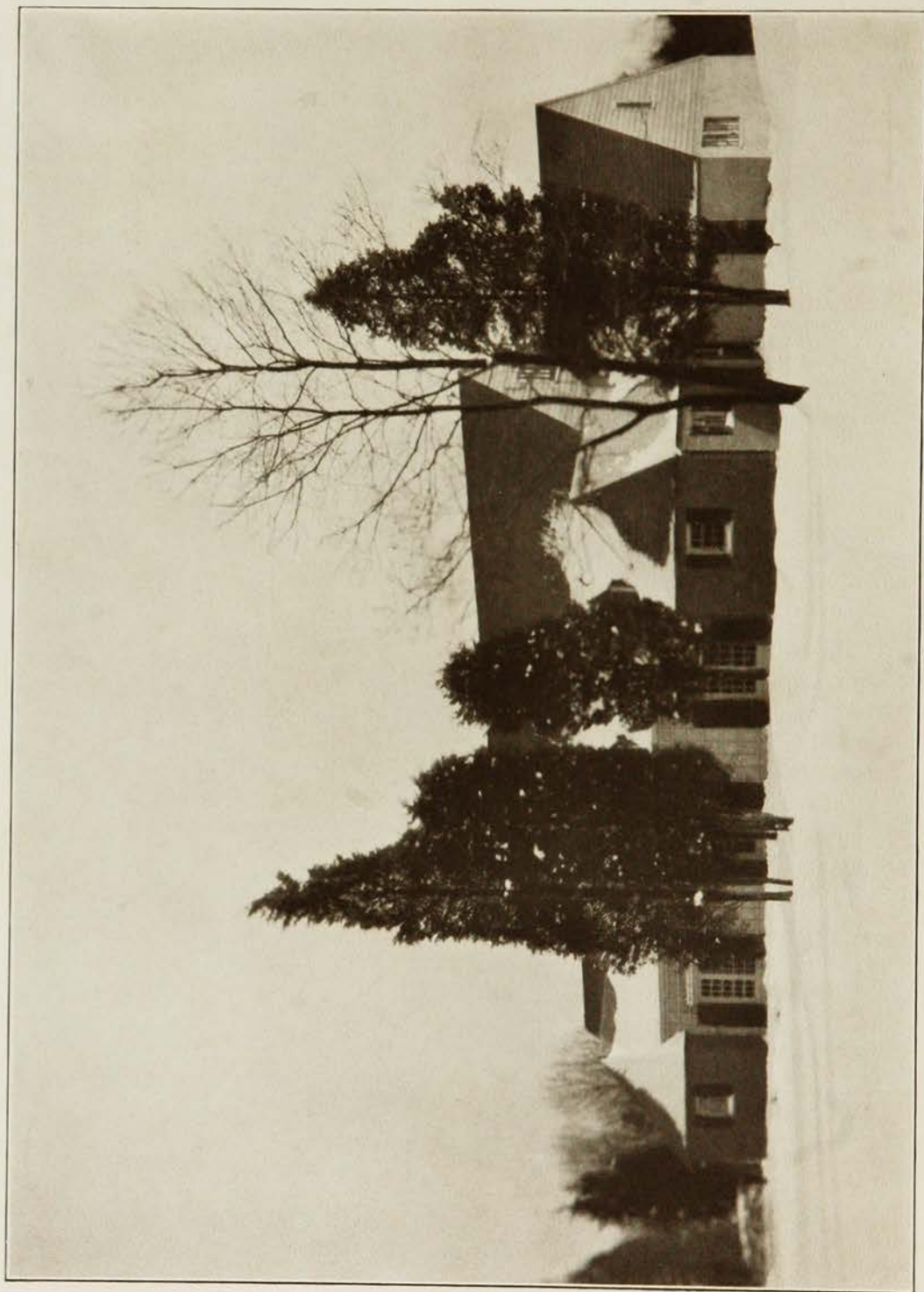


MISS COLE

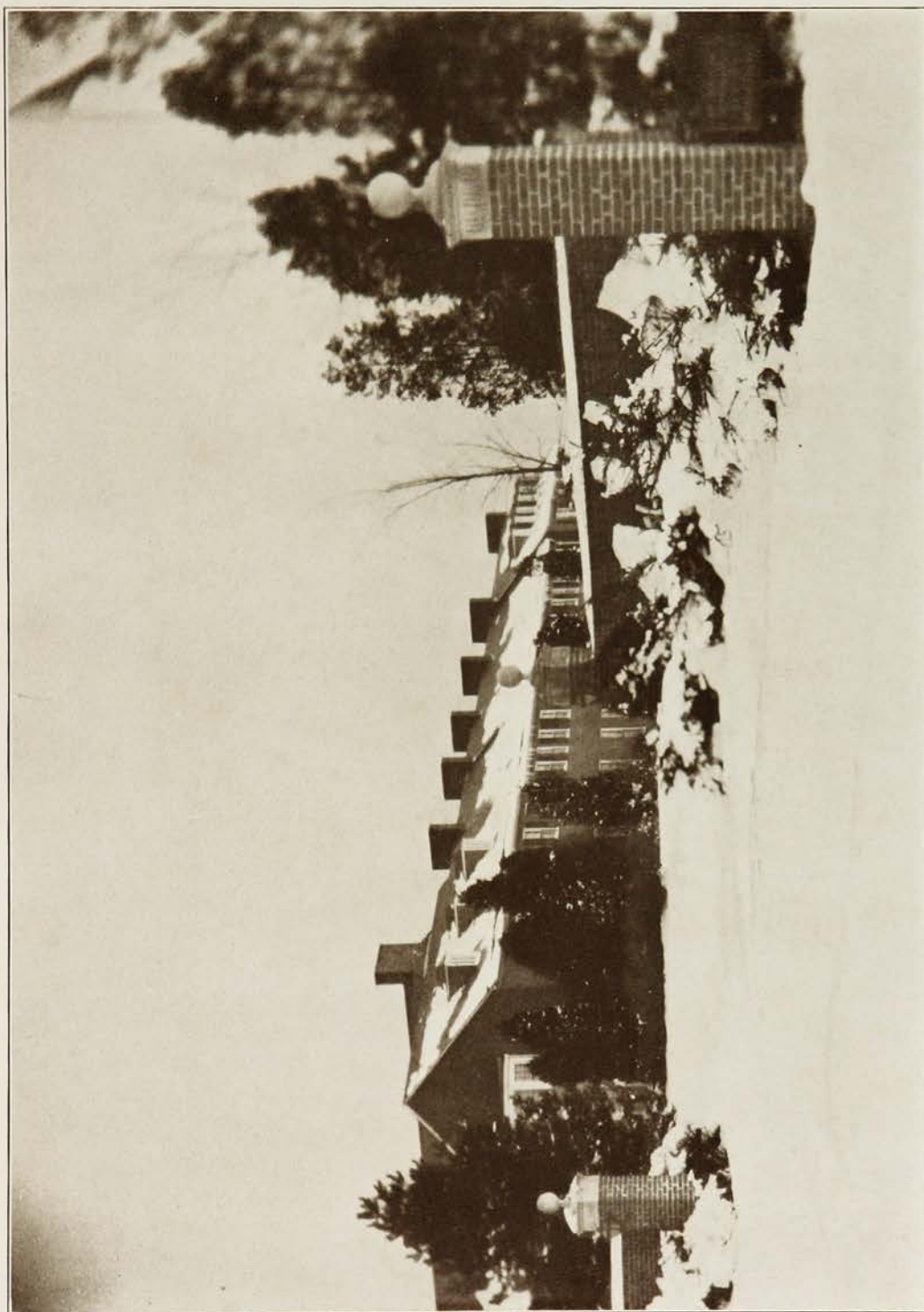




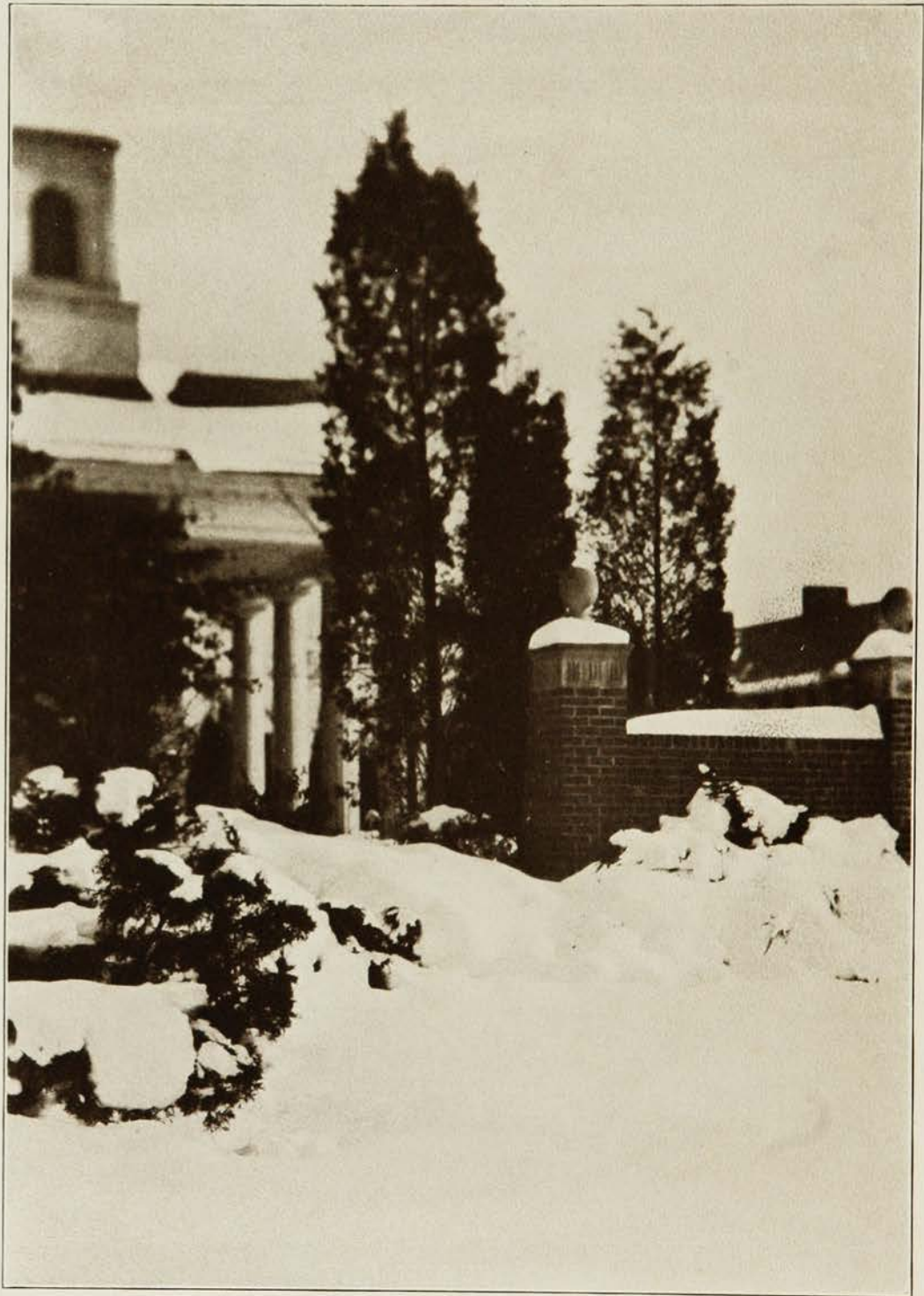
ELIZABETH SOMERS MEMORIAL CHAPEL



THE FIELD HOUSE



THE SOUTH GATE



THE NORTH GATE



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## CUPOLA STAFF

MISS BALLOU.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
MARIANNE L. STEVENSON.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
VIRGINIA SHUMATE.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
ELIZABETH BINGHAM.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
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VIRGINIA MCFIE.....	<i>Assistant Advertising Manager</i>
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ILMA JANE THEURER.....	<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>
FLORENCE KRUEGER.....	<i>Photograph Editor</i>
JOSEPHINE CRAWFORD.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
MARY LOUISE BONTHRON.....	<i>Assistant Art Editor</i>
FLORENCE BATES.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
JEANIE DEAN LAUER.....	<i>Dramatic Editor</i>
LOUISE RAYNOR.....	<i>Snapshot Editor</i>
ZOE PICKERING.....	<i>Humor Editor</i>

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## FOREWORD

A FOREWORD is oftentimes a looking backward, a reviewing of the accomplishments and events of the past year. We are constantly looking back in history to the standards set by our forebears, and to the events which have receded in time sufficiently for their greatest effects to stand out in strong relief. In retrospect, therefore, we gain a rounded comprehension of the circumstances that go to make up our lives, and from it we know the better, what in the future is expected of us, whether it be in a boarding school, or the life into which the Class of 1930 will soon enter.

Memory is perhaps the strongest of the four processes of learning. Our memory is the record of the happy, sad, or difficult experiences by which we are made. School, though it seems almost promiscuous to repeat it, is, outside of daily lessons, an experience to which we often attach too little importance. Almost unnoticed it leaves its impress upon us, through friends, contacts, community living, and their daily demands. In meeting girls from different parts of the country, we find the need for tolerance of viewpoint; in living with a large group, the necessity for cooperation; in coming into contact with more mature minds than our own, we grow with that interchange of ideas and with that challenge to thought. Demands are made of us daily, which in the successful fulfillment should bring out our best abilities, call upon our originality, and develop a sense of proportion and responsibility in budgeting time so that we may finish in a limited period all that is asked of us. Where is this better exemplified than in the non-academic activities—Tea House, Creative Writing and Dramatic Workshops, in the Ingenuity Contests, Athletic Banner, and Flag Honor?

Consequently THE CUPOLA is a looking backward over 1930. May it recall memories of what has passed, and be the testimonial that we have carried a step onward the traditions and ideals of Mount Vernon.

MARIANNE L. STEVENSON,  
*Editor-in-Chief.*

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# The Cupola

## STAFF, 1929-1930

JEAN DEAN COLE.....	<i>Head Mistress and Teacher of Sociology and Bible</i>
	A. B., Mount Holyoke College Studied at Columbia University
MARION ALCOTT BALLOU.....	<i>Academic Head</i>
	A. B., Mount Holyoke College Graduate Work at Bryn Mawr College
KATHERINE E. HILL.....	<i>Recorder</i>
	Steubenville Seminary
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ANNIE M. BAYLIS.....	<i>Dietitian</i>
CATHERINE S. BLAKESLEE.....	<i>Registrar</i>
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MARY PITMAN BROWN.....	<i>Head of the House</i>
	A. B., Bryn Mawr College
BEULAH JAMES CARPENTER.....	<i>English</i>
	Syracuse University Oxford University Lecture Course
GRACE E. CARROLL.....	<i>Assistant to Nurse</i>
	Mount Vernon Seminary
FRANCES E. CHICKERING.....	<i>Hostess</i>
	Mount Vernon Seminary Smith College
AGNES DELANO.....	<i>History of Art and English</i>
	A. B., M. A., University of Michigan
ALICE E. EDWARDS.....	<i>Art Department</i>
	Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts Pupil of Charles Lasar, Paris, and Charles W. Hawthorne, Provincetown
HELEN DOROTHY ELLIOTT.....	<i>Secretary</i>
	B. S., Simmons College
REBEKAH ELTING.....	<i>Science</i>
	A. B., Vassar College Wood's Hole Biological Laboratory Graduate Work at Columbia University
CLARA W. FORMAN.....	<i>Hostess and House Mother</i>
J. LORNA GUARD.....	<i>Librarian and Supervisor of Sightseeing</i>
	Mount Vernon Seminary
MILDRED HANNA.....	<i>Latin</i>
	A. B., and A. M., Stanford University Studied at Wellesley College, American Academy at Rome, and University for Foreigners at Perugia, Italy
HELEN C. HASTINGS.....	<i>Director of Studies for Forms</i>
	A. B., Radcliffe College B. S., Simmons College
ELIZABETH ALGER HILLYAR.....	<i>Art</i>
	Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, New York City Diploma, Fine Arts, Columbia University
ROWENA HOLDREN.....	<i>Home Economics</i>
	M. A., Columbia University
ALICE B. HOPKINS.....	<i>Assistant, Business Department</i>
ZOLA BAUMAN LARKIN.....	<i>Expression and Dramatic Art</i>
	Graduate of Emerson College of Oratory Pupil of S. H. Clark, Edith Coburn Noyes and Leland Powers

# The Cupola



CORINNE LEINO .....	A. B., Carleton College M. A., Columbia University	English
OLWEN LLOYD .....	M. A., Cambridge, England	Mathematics
GEORGE LLOYD .....	M. A., Clark University	Survey of Civilization
CHARLOTTE GUARD McALLISTER .....		Hostess and House Mother
EVA O'H. MASON .....	R. N., Watts Hospital, Durham, North Carolina	Nurse
JEANNE MOULE DE LA RAITRIE .....	Brevet d'Institutrice (Academie de Besancon)	French
NETTA C. MURPHEY .....		Director of Home Department
HELEN KINGSBURY MYERS .....	Mount Vernon Seminary Studied at Washington College of Law Temple School of Shorthand and Typewriting	Secretary
MARY A. NOURSE .....	Ph. B., University of Chicago M. A., University of Wisconsin	History
ADELA K. PAYNE .....	Pupil of Frank King Clarke, Paris	Singing
BEATRICE J. PEARSON .....	Graduate, Department of Physical Education and Hygiene, Wellesley Studied at Harvard and Columbia Universities and University of Wisconsin	Director of Physical Education
JEANNETTE PEARSON .....	Graduate, Boston School of Physical Education	Assistant, Department of Physical Education
ELEANORE PELTIER .....	Couvent du Sacre-Coeur, Paris Officier d'Academie	French
DANIEL W. PRENTISS, M. D. ....		Consulting Physician
ELIZABETH LANE QUINLAN .....	Graduate of Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word and Theatre	Assistant, Expression and Dramatic Art
ELSA LOUISE RANER .....	Pupil of Leopold Auer	Violin
ROBERT H. RICE .....	A. B., Lafayette College	Business Manager
ALYS M. RICKETT .....	Pupil of Viggo Kihl, of Leipsic, London, and Toronto Conservatory of Music Pupil of Healy Willan, F. R. C. O., London, Theory and Harmony	Piano
KATHARINE RIGGS .....	Pupil of Dorothy Johnston, Philadelphia Pupil of Maria Korchinska, London	Harp
ADOLF TOROVSKY, JR. ....	Graduate, Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore Associate American Guild of Organists	Organist and Choir Master
ALICE M. TRIPPETT .....	University of Vermont Teacher's College, Columbia University	Director of Field House Activities
HARRIET BELLE WALKER .....	Mount Vernon Seminary Studied at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Columbia Universities	History, Psychology, and Bible
ELIZABETH WINSTON .....	Pupil of Harold Bauer, Paris; Ernest Hutcheson, Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore and Leopold Godowsky New York Pupil of O. B. Boise, Berlin, Theory and Harmony	Piano



## ALMA MATER

Our Alma Mater glorious,  
With loving hearts and proud,  
We crown thee all victorious  
And sing thy praise aloud.  
In loyalty we serve thee,  
And strive to heed thy call,  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Through self to conquer all.

You give unfailing kindness  
If trouble meets us here;  
You foster all our pleasures  
And make them seem more dear.  
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow  
Can these fair days erase,  
But they, with each tomorrow,  
Help us new tasks to face.

Like Breath of Spring's fresh morning  
That lifts the heart to song,  
When courage droops and wavers  
And paths seem gray and long,  
Will come thy dauntless spirit  
To help us on our way.  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Hold fast thy tender sway.

The changing years may bring us  
Some longed-for dream of bliss,  
Yet memory will cherish  
A sympathy we miss.  
In hours of joy and sadness,  
What'er our need may be,  
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!  
Thy children turn to thee.



**CLASSES** <sup>dc</sup>



MADAME PELTIER  
*Senior Class Adviser*

*Class Motto:* Fidelitas et Pietas  
*Emblem:* Fleur-de-lis

*Class Flower:* Yellow Rose  
*Colors:* Amber and Gold

## SENIOR CLASS SONG—1930

*Words by* KATHERINE STREET, *music by* JEANNE STREET

Here, dear Alma Mater, we do come to thee;  
Guided by the faith in our true fleur-de-lis,  
High upon thine altar we do place it now,  
Pledging truth and honor in this our solemn vow.

*Chorus:*

Amber and gold we bring to thee,	Our secret dream is now revealed,
In token of our loyalty;	For faith and reverence now we've sealed
In years to come we'll ever hold,	Our banner held before us high,
Thy true devotion love foretold.	Leading us to the sky.

When the years have gone and we are far apart,  
Ne'er shall thy fond memories sever from our hearts.  
And with each new day our thoughts will be retold  
As we journey onward with the amber and gold.

*Chorus:*



## THE SENIOR CLASS

ELEANOR BOVENIZER .....	<i>President</i>
ROSALIND EUGENIA VEREEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILLE WINTER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANE ELIZABETH ROBERTSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

CONNIE BAVINGER  
 ELIZABETH BINGHAM  
 MARY LOUISE BONTHRON  
 ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
 VIRGINIA BRYSON  
 JULIA COTTRELL  
 IONE FOSTER  
 WILMA KOENIG  
 FLORENCE KRUEGER

NANCY LEE  
 ELEANORE ROBERTS  
 JANE ELIZABETH ROBERTSON  
 MARIANNE LOUISE STEVENSON  
 JEANNE ROSALIND STREET  
 KATHARINE WAKEFIELD STREET  
 ROSALIND EUGENIA VEREEN  
 FAY RANDOLPH WILSON  
 LUCILLE WINTER



## The Cupola



CONNIE BAVINGER

Omaha, Nebraska

FIVE YEARS

ALL those in favor . . . but then it's Connie and therefore unanimous. She is a splendid athlete and the essence of good sportsmanship to say nothing of her executive ability. Besides, having been here longer than any of the rest of us, she can be referred to on almost any subject in regard to M. V. S. We've been told in hushed tones of her earlier days. . . . We can't help wondering what school will do next year without Connie—one of its chief traditions.

Optima '29 '30  
President Cooperative Government Council '30  
President Junior Class '29  
Treasurer Yellow Class '26  
Vice-President Athletic Association '27 '28  
Choir '26 '27 '28 '29 '30  
Glee Club '26 '27 '28 '29 '30  
Vice Regent M. V. S. Society '30  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Doubles Tennis Cup '26 '28  
Varsity Basketball '26 '27 '29 '30  
Captain Varsity Basketball '29 '30  
Varsity Hockey '29 '30  
Class Basketball '26 '27 '28 '29 '30  
Captain Class Basketball '30  
Baseball '29  
Yellow Class



ELIZABETH BINGHAM  
West Newton, Massachusetts  
TWO YEARS

WITH the interesting and stimulating personality which "Bing" possesses, one is surprised at her plebian weakness for purple-lined berets and red dresses. Her favorite indoor sports are arguing and listening for telephone calls from Annapolis,—hence, she is usually seen dashing between Professor Lloyd's room and the telephone booth. Although Betty is our champion archer, her darts are not needed to capture our hearts.

Optima, '29 '30  
CUPOLA Assistant Business Manager '29  
CUPOLA Business Manager '30  
French Club '30  
Glee Club '29 '30  
Choir '29 '30  
Athletic Association Board '30  
Walking Club '29 '30  
Proctor '29  
Dramatics '29 '30



## *The Cupola*

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MARY LOUISE BONTHRON

Detroit, Michigan

TWO YEARS

**A**N absorbing enthusiasm for anything that savors of the dramatic or artistic always finds Mary Lou on the job at Ingenuity Contests, Workshop productions, or Class Plays. She has sauntered through her two years here with an air of optimism and an insatiable curiosity. With her stacks and files of architectural illustrations, and knowledge of the correct thing in furniture, Mary Lou is probably destined to be an interior decorator.

Optima '29 '30

CUPOLA Board '29 '30

Manager Stagecraft '30

Stage Manager Class Play '29 '30



ELEANOR BOVENIZER

Brooklyn, New York

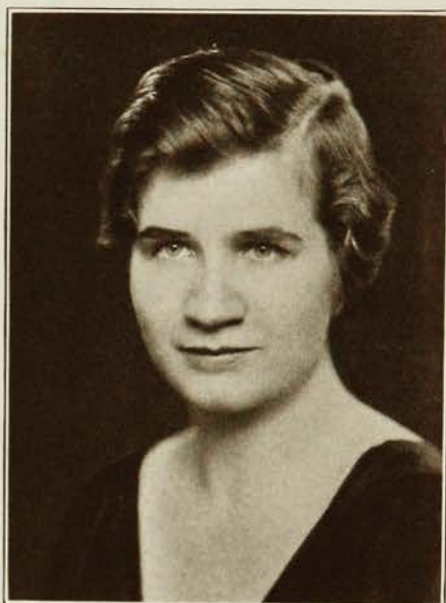
TWO YEARS

ELLIE, whose sunny smile is a bit of heaven to all new girls, besides possessing a charming personality, is the efficient leader of the Senior Class. Ellie is most familiar to us rushing through the halls with an armful of books on the way to more academic exploits, and on the tennis courts, for she is an ardent enthusiast. Ellie's conscientiousness and musical ability are a source of admiration to us all, which make her a beloved President.

Optima '29 '30  
President Senior Class  
CUPOLA Staff '29  
French Club '30  
Glee Club '29 '30  
Choir '29 '30  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '29



## *The Cupola*



VIRGINIA BRYSON

Omaha, Nebraska

TWO YEARS

'TIS said she's mischievous and has a "bit of the Old Nick",—anyhow we know that Ginny finds it most difficult to be dignified. What with being the Senior alarm clock and champion nurse girl, we find her indispensable and in constant demand. She has more than a little ability in dramatics, and expects to study for the stage. We can hardly wait to see Ginny's name in glittering lights on Broadway!

Choir '29 '30  
Glee Club '29  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '30



JULIA COTTRELL

Springfield, Illinois

TWO YEARS

THE "Lady of the Senior Class" who considers herself just a little country girl and apologizes for for being even that. She sips tea daintily and nibbles lettuce, while the rest of us satisfy our more plebian appetites. One might think it is due to Julie's eye-lashes that her indexed mail increases daily, but we know it is due more to her sweet disposition and charm.

Optima '29 '30  
President Dramatic Workshop '30  
Walking Club '30  
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '29  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '29  
Class Basketball '30



IONE FOSTER  
Kansas City, Missouri  
TWO YEARS

**T**HE Tsarina of Tea House! She has introduced such an extensive program of reform that now we can purchase anything from toothpaste and bananas to birthday gifts and soda pop. In fact, with her businesslike head, we have visions of Ione in the future managing a chain of stores or Tea Houses, but at any rate, a syndicate.

President Tea House Board of Directors '30  
Tea House Board of Directors '29  
Class Basketball '29 '30  
Dramatics '29



WILMA CHARLOTTE KOENIG

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

TWO YEARS

WE never shall be able to forget Billie as Peter Pan, the Captain of the Guards, and a girl possessing very versatile and valuable qualities (not to mention particularly her sparkling black eyes, which serve her in good stead). Billie has a winning personality, and more than her share of brains,—being artistic withal, and endowed with a contagious chuckle.

Optima '29 '30  
Assistant Editor CUPOLA '29  
Advertising Manager CUPOLA '30  
Glee Club '29 '30  
Choir '30  
Walking Club '30  
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '29  
Class Basketball '30  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '29



## *The Cupola*



FLORENCE LOUISE KRUEGER

Detroit, Michigan

TWO YEARS

**E**VEN at the risk of becoming bromidic we'll repeat the almost worn-out saying that "good things always come done up in small packages," for "Krueg" is one of our biggest assets and littlest members. Whenever we want to know anything about Charles II, Hugh Walpole, or Literature in general, Krueg is a veritable Encyclopedia Britannica. Her ability extends to clogging as well, and her tapping feet are only outdone by her irrepressible giggle.

Optima '30  
Photographic Editor CUPOLA '30  
President Walking Club '30  
Walking Club '29 '30  
Chairman Protors '29  
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '30  
Swimming Team '29  
Dramatics '29 '30



NANCY LEE  
Denver, Colorado  
TWO YEARS

THOUGHTS of Nancy Lee bring thoughts of merry brown eyes, irresistible laughter and constant spontaneity. She has literally "lent-a-hand" for two years to such an extent that she is loved not only by her class, but by every one in school. Besides being harassed by her "form Appeal", Nancy has much mental anxiety over the decrease of the pound(s) before each vacation.

President Lend-A-Hand '30  
Vice-President Lend-A-Hand '29  
French Club '30  
Glee Club '29  
Choir '29 '30  
Walking Club '30  
Class Basketball Team '30  
Christmas Play '29  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '30



## The Cupola



ELEANORE ROBERTS  
Los Angeles, California  
TWO YEARS

ROBERTS can say more in a shorter time than any one we know. Everyone loves her for her happy-go-lucky nature, attested not only by gatherings in her room at 9:20, but also by her extensive "Rogue's Gallery". Hailing from the sun-kissed California coast, she is an indisputable criterion of the fashions of the hour, and is celebrated for her coat of tan as well as for her abundance of vitality, which makes her the life of the Senior Class.

Glee Club '29 '30  
Secretary-treasurer of Dramatic Workshop '30  
Class Basketball '29 '30  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '30  
Swimming Team '30



JANE ELIZABETH ROBERTSON

Beatrice, Nebraska

TWO YEARS

“WILL you please pay your January dues?” And she always gets what she wants, and manages to maintain peace among the Seniors. Jane also has a strong tendency toward the dramatic, which she carried over with great feeling to the job of Class Cheer Leader. Whatever Jane goes into, we know her tireless energy will carry her to the top.

Optima '29 '30  
Treasurer Senior Class  
Senior Cheer Leader  
Treasurer of Tea House '30  
Chairman of Proctors '30  
Walking Club '30  
Dramatics '29 '30



JEANNE ROSALIND STREET  
Winnetka, Illinois  
THREE YEARS

WHENEVER we want something done and done well, we go to her,—the height of capability and willingness. With her capacity for organization we expect Jenny to burst forth in the headlines of the Chicago "debs" Service Club next season. With her force and self-possession, she is able to conduct any meeting, from that of a dignified French Club to a noisy and enthusiastic Athletic Association conclave.

Optima '29 '30  
Cooperative Government Council '30  
President Athletic Association '30  
President French Club '30  
Secretary French Club '29  
Secretary M. V. S. Society '29  
Treasurer Junior Class  
Glee Club '28 '29 '30  
Choir '28 '29 '30  
Athletic Association Board '29 '30  
Varsity Hockey '29 '30  
Captain Class Basketball '29  
Class Basketball '29 '30  
Walking Club '30  
Dramatics '28 '29 '30  
Proctor '29  
Secretary Yellow Class



KATHERINE WAKEFIELD STREET  
Winnetka, Illinois  
THREE YEARS

KAY plays the heroine of the Senior Class. With her big blue eyes and golden hair, she is inevitably given such roles as "Mrs. Darling" and the "Princess Lelia". Her accomplishments are as varied as dignified after-dinner dancing, and a good hockey game, but she is particularly beloved by us for her even temperament and her contagiously happy disposition.

Optima '29 '30  
Choir Mistress '30  
Choir '28 '29 '30  
Glee Club '28 '29 '30  
Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association '29  
Athletic Association Board '30  
Varsity Hockey '29 '30  
Class Hockey '28 '29 '30  
Class Basketball '29  
Dramatics '29 '30



## The Cupola



MARIANNE LOUISE STEVENSON

Chicago, Illinois

TWO YEARS

A BUTTON of a nose, merry brown eyes, and a "Chicago" laugh,—that is Stevie. She bounded into M. V. S. and showed what she could do in a versatile way, being student, artist and athlete. Her greatest accomplishment is making all kinds of plans and actually seeing them formulate as desired. Horses are a weakness of hers, not to mention the farm she will own some day out in the wilds. An optimist and a dynamo in one, she races down corridors like a flash, flinging out "My Wild Irish Rose" and with such a grin as should accompany these patriotic tunes.

Optima '29 '30  
Secretary of Optima '30  
Scholarship Cup '29  
Editor-in-Chief of CUPOLA '30  
Art Editor of CUPOLA '29  
Athletic Association Board '29  
Glee Club '29 '30  
Choir '29 '30  
Treasurer of Choir '29 '30  
Toastmistress Junior-Senior Banquet '29

Dramatics '29 '30  
Varsity Hockey '29 '30  
Varsity Basketball '29 '30  
Class Basketball '29 '30  
Class Hockey '29 '30  
Captain Class Hockey '29  
Baseball '29  
Swimming Team '29  
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '30



ROSALIND EUGENIA VEREEN

Moultrie, Georgia

TWO YEARS

OUR "Southern Belle" is at present fascinated by institutions of higher learning, and Georgia Tech is only one! If there is a shoe sale within "shopping district" it is almost a certainty that Rossie can be located there. She is a staunch defender of all southern customs and traditions, and although in an argument usually in the minority, she is invincible. Rossie has a friend in everyone for her thoughtfulness, sympathy, and loyalty.

Optima '29 '30  
Vice-President of Senior Class  
Secretary Tea House Board of Directors '30  
Tea House Board of Directors '29  
Chairman of Proctors '29  
Walking Club '30  
Dramatics '29 '30



FAY RANDOLPH WILSON

Beaumont, Texas

TWO YEARS

**B**ETWEEN freezing and turning hand-springs we wonder how Fay continues to exist. Her quaint sense of humor and complete nonchalance make her an unique individual in our midst. She has the coveted power of appearing the angel (to be seen on Sunday evenings when playing the harp) but then,—her friends know her too well, and no one has more than Fay.

Optima '29 '30  
French Club '30  
Glee Club '29 '30  
Choir '29 '30  
Walking Club '30  
Dramatics '29 '30  
Proctor '30



LUCILLE WINTER

Detroit, Michigan

TWO YEARS

ONE wonders why Lucille, instead of taking Astronomy or Psychology, elected Cooking and Financing Home Life. The excellence she attains in these classes may be due to the inspiration of a daily "special". Her chief assets are a miraculous faculty for having everything done ahead of time, and an unruffled calm, quite rare in our M. V. S. life.

Optima '29 '30  
Secretary Senior Class  
Choir '29 '30  
Glee Club '29  
Walking Club '30  
Proctor '29  
Dramatics '29 '30



MISS BEULAH JAMES CARPENTER  
*Junior Class Adviser*

### JUNIOR CLASS SONG

*Words by* MARTHA DAVENPORT

As the crusaders searched for the Holy Grail,  
Led by its light through ways that were dark,  
So, in oncoming days when we almost fail,  
Thy spirit will hold us to resolute mark.

*Chorus:*

To the yellow and white our loyalty,      Conquer we must with banners unfurled,  
To the garnet and gold our fidelity,      As we can, our pledge of a strength to be,  
Our aims must inspire throughout the world,      Our faith in its meaning our mastery.

When the crusaders returned from foreign lands,  
They brought with them gifts from distant marts.  
They offered their tributes with out-stretched hands,  
The king honored again the love in their hearts.

*Chorus:*

So when we return from our search for the true,  
We'll bring to you deeds we are planning to do;  
With faiths you have taught us we'll bring back the new;  
Thy spirit saluting,—our praises to you!

*Chorus:*



## JUNIOR CLASS

### CLASS OFFICERS

ELIZABETH KENNEDY .....	<i>President</i>
JEANIE DEAN LAUER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
SHIRLEY STEVENS .....	<i>Secretary</i>
FLORA KAISER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

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FLORENCE BATES  
FRANCES BRINKMAN  
DIANTHA BROWN  
JANET CARLTON  
MARTHA DAVENPORT  
BARBARA DORMAN  
KITTY FOYE  
KATHERINE GIBSON  
ISABEL GORDON  
JEAN GRIFFITHS  
MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER

ALICE HAND  
LAVINIA HUGUENIN  
FLORA KAISER  
ELIZABETH KENNEDY  
ROSANA KILPATRICK  
JEANIE DEAN LAUER  
MARGARET MCBRIDE  
VIRGINIA MCFIE  
VIRGINIA MARKS  
MARTHA NICKLIN  
CAROL PARKER  
ZOE PICKERING

RUTH POTTER  
AINSLEE PUHL  
ELEANOR REED  
LYDA RICHMAN  
SHIRLEY ROSS  
VIRGINIA SHUMATE  
SHIRLEY STEVENS  
ILMA JANE THEURER  
MARY ELIZABETH WALLACE  
HELEN WILLIAMSON  
JANET WILLIAMSON



MISS REBEKAH ELTING  
*White Class Adviser*

### WHITE CLASS SONG

*Words by* LETTIE MCCONNELL and GLADYS VILSACK

*Music by* GLADYS VILSACK

White Class, we'll sing to you  
With voices proud and true,  
Loyalty firm as the skies,  
And love that never dies.  
M. V. S.,  
The White Class.  
When the days have passed  
And we are no longer with you,  
It's then we must prove  
That we are true,  
Dear Class, just to you.  
Would that we could sing,  
And also tell thee in each line,

How out of joy, and grief and hate,  
We gave our love for thine.  
Life will hold many memories,  
Days spent at M. V. S.,  
Dearest of them all,  
Olden times recall.  
M. V. S.,  
The White Class,  
We'll always be true,  
To our emblem purity,  
And always, yes, always,  
To thee.



## WHITE CLASS

### CLASS OFFICERS

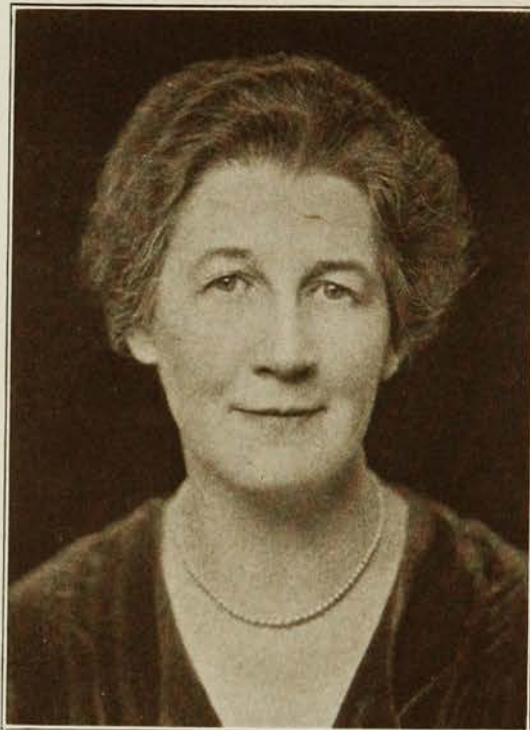
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GRACE BISHOP  
BETTY BURKE  
JANE CROWLEY  
VIRGINIA Dangler  
MAMIE DICKSON  
DOROTHY DONOVAN  
BETTY FIELD  
MARGARET GAMMON  
SALLY GARDEN  
MILDRED GARNETT  
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ELSA KOCHS  
MARGUERITE KOPMEIER  
LOUISE LINKINS  
JULIA MATHESON  
RUTH McCULLOUGH  
MARGARET MEANOR  
FREDERICA MERTENS  
HARRIET MINTY  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
MILDRED MORRIS  
LOUISE RAYNOR  
AUDREY PAIGE  
KATHLEEN RICE

ETHEL ROYSTER  
SUSAN SCHRIBER  
PAULINE SEIPP  
MURIEL STOKES  
HELEN VAN NORTWICK  
CLARA VAN SCHAACK  
EDWINA VILSACK  
CYNTHIA WALDRON  
EDITH WARNER  
ANNA WEHR  
VIRGINIA WELLS  
JANE WHITING  
ELSIE WILSON  
MARIAN WORTHINGTON



MISS MARY PITMAN BROWN, *Yellow Class Adviser*  
MISS HARRIET BELLE WALKER, *Honorary Member*

### YELLOW CLASS SONG

Words traditional; Music, "At Dawning"  
Lifting better up to best—  
Our desire;  
To be worthy of thy name,  
Learn our lessons, ne'er complain,  
Just to conquer self our aim—  
Yellow Class, Yellow Class.

In thy sunshine, color, joy—  
Yellow Class.  
In thy gold be no alloy—  
Yellow Class  
Our dear school with songs we greet;  
Sing its praises ever sweet;  
M. V. S., thy name repeat—  
M. V. S., M. V. S.



## YELLOW CLASS

### CLASS OFFICERS

FRANCES PYEATT.....*President*  
ELAINE CHANUTE.....*Vice-President*

JOSEPHINE CRAWFORD.....*Secretary*  
ELOISE WILMSEN.....*Treasurer*

ADELLA BADGEROW  
CLAIRE BISHOP  
LAURA BUTLER  
KATHERINE BYERS  
BARBARA CANFIELD  
VIRGINIA CARTER  
ELAINE CHANUTE  
WILLIE LOUISE CLARY  
JOSEPHINE CRAWFORD  
LOUISE DOYLE  
BERTHA DUNBAR  
MARION DUVAL  
ELVA EITEL  
KATHERINE EVANS

ANNE FERGUSON  
CAROLINE FICKINGER  
ROSAMOND GARRETT  
CLARA HAND  
CATHERINE HORST  
VIRGINIA HORTON  
BETTY HOWARD  
MARY ELIZABETH JAMES  
NANCY KLING  
ETHELYN KULDELL  
JESSIE LAMBERTON  
CORNELIA LEWTHWAITE  
ANNA JEAN MCKELVEY

ELINOR MCNEIR  
ELIZABETH MITCHELL  
LILLIAN MORRISON  
VAUGHN NIXON  
EVALINE NORTHROP  
JEAN OWSLEY  
HELEN RAY POTTER  
FRANCES PYEATT  
DOROTHY ROGERS  
BARBARA SINCERBEAUX  
MARGARET THOMPSON  
MARY VAN NATTA  
ELOISE WILMSEN  
FRANCES WITTE



## STUDENT COOPERATIVE GOVERNMENT COUNCIL

MISS COLE .....	} <i>Faculty Advisers</i>
MISS BALLOU .....	
MISS HASTINGS .....	
CONNIE BAVINGER .....	<i>President</i>
MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE HAND.....	<i>President of Optima</i>
ELEANOR BOVENIZER.....	<i>President Senior Class</i>
ELIZABETH KENNEDY.....	<i>President Junior Class</i>
LOUISE LINKINS.....	<i>President White Class</i>
FRANCES PYEATT.....	<i>President Yellow Class</i>
JEANNE STREET.....	<i>President Athletic Association</i>

ON Wednesday and Sunday evenings, at nine o'clock, that most important organization, the Student Cooperative Government Council, convenes. Our school life runs smoothly and our mighty problems are solved by the influential Council members under the leadership of Connie, meeting together for awe-inspiring confabs in the Creative Writing Workshop, located at the immediate end of "Paradise Alley". Happy school days—, contented and loyal M. V. S. rooters—, glowing patriotism—, all revolve around the Council.



ACTIVITIES



### GROUP LEADERSHIP SEMINAR

QUANTITY may be one of the principles of mass production, but though we are the smallest Seminar, we find it interesting and valuable to study social problems, the psychology of leadership, and the principles of government. This information we try to direct into practical usage in the various organizations and classes of school, which are represented in Seminar by the Presidents of the Student Cooperative Council, Optima, the Classes, the Athletic Association, and the Lend-A-Hand Society.

MISS BALLOU, *Faculty Adviser*

CONNIE BAVINGER  
FLORENCE BATES  
ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
ALICE HAND  
ELIZABETH KENNEDY  
NANCY LEE  
JEANNE R. STREET



## TEA HOUSE ACTIVITY

MISS TRIPPETT.....	} <i>Faculty Advisers</i>
MISS HOLDREN.....	
IONE FOSTER .....	<i>President</i>
ROSALIND VEREEN .....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANE ROBERTSON .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

KITTY FOYE  
JEAN GRIFFITHS  
LAVINIA HUGUENIN

IONE FOSTER  
RUTH POTTER  
SHIRLEY ROSS

JANE ROBERTSON  
SHIRLEY STEVENS  
ROSALIND VEREEN

TEA HOUSE is always a seething mob on Wednesdays and Saturdays, downing chocolate sundaes and ginger ale, and storming the candy cart. Not even Lent revealed a falling off in sales. Behind the scenes, there is the buying for the gift shop and fruit stand, and accounts and books to be kept in order. We have made several trips to candy factories and tea-houses and, with Miss Trippett's and Miss Holdren's help, improved our methods and organization which have contributed materially to paying off a good portion of the mortgage on the Field House.



## DRAMATIC WORKSHOP

MRS. LARKIN..... *Faculty Advisers*  
 MISS QUINLAN .....  
 JULIA COTTRELL ..... *President*  
 NANCY LEE ..... *Vice-President*  
 ELEANORE ROBERTS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

MARY LOUISE BONTHRON	JULIA COTTRELL	MARGARET MCBRIDE
FRANCES BRINKMAN	MARTHA DAVENPORT	VIRGINIA MCFIE
DIANTHA BROWN	ISABEL GORDON	AINSLEE PUHL
VIRGINIA BRYSON	MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER	ELEANORE ROBERTS
JANET CARLTON		MARY ELIZABETH WALLACE

"DIM THE FLOODS—full heads—blue foots"—and the curtain rises. During the year, Workshop has presented several one act plays at evening chapel—"The Vanishing Princess", "Echo and Narcissus", "The Twelve Pound Look", and others. Directing, staging, and costuming we do ourselves, and plays written by some of our members have given further outlet to self-expression and ingenuity. Seminar periods find our future Eva Le Galliennes either at the new dressing table and mirror in Workshop receiving lessons in the gentle art of "makeup" or learning the secrets of the "show business" from the managers, Mrs. Larkin and Miss Quinlan, to whom we as loyal troupers are greatly indebted. Now we feel that the only addition Workshop needs to make it complete is a star on the door.



## MUSICAL SEMINAR

"HOBBY, HOBBY, my kingdom for a hobby"! We're not "beggars on horseback", but the members of Music Seminar have found an absorbing substitute for a hobby. In addition to Choir and Glee Club, we meet every Monday afternoon in Optima Room. Sometimes Mrs. Payne tells us anecdotes and personal incidents in the lives of famous musicians and we often give reports on some subject which we have chosen to study during the year. Miss Winston tops off the program with her ever-popular piano playing. And this is only a sample to show you why, if asked confidentially, we would tell you that Music is quite the best of the Seminars.

MRS. PAYNE  
MISS WINSTON

BETTY BINGHAM  
ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
BARBARA DORMAN  
ROSANA KILPATRICK  
VIRGINIA MARKS  
MARTHA NICKLIN  
CAROL PARKER

ZOE PICKERING  
ELEANOR REED  
JEANNE STREET  
KATHERINE STREET  
JANET WILLIAMSON  
LUCILLE WINTER



### CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

ALTHOUGH at times we have found that gazing out of a third floor window rather sidetracks our creative instincts, nevertheless our Monday afternoons are busy with pens, proofreading, discussions, and paste. The efforts of the CUPOLA and Broadside Boards are centered in the Workshop where, with Miss De Lano's ever-helpful "literary forms" and untiring encouragement, our interests rise with an ulterior objective, for we aspire to present a breathlessly waiting world someday with a poet from our Workshop!

BARBARA ALLEN  
KATHERINE GIBSON  
WILMA KOENIG  
FLORA KAISER  
JEANIE DEAN LAUER  
LYDA RICHMAN  
VIRGINIA SHUMATE  
MARIANNE L. STEVENSON  
ILMA JANE THEURER  
HELEN WILLIAMSON  
FAY RANDOLPH WILSON



LITERATURE



### TRUTH

A FEW DAYS AGO a notice in the newspaper attracted my attention. It was small and inconspicuous—but it notified those who were interested enough to read the short article of Garrett Paxton's death. You have probably heard of him. His rise to fame had been sudden and spectacular. From an unknown and penniless artist he had suddenly come into the limelight as the painter of that wonderful picture, "Truth"—the picture that had caused such a sensation when it had first appeared in London. But for all this he died alone—among strangers. I had probably been his closest friend, but nevertheless, he let me know nothing of his whereabouts and until Monday I had not heard from him, or seen him since that last dreadful day when he related his story to me. I feel now that I should tell you this story and I want you to try and understand and to take into account the good qualities of my friend, as well as his weaknesses.

In 1910, I was the director of the Art Gallery and in the autumn of that year Devisne came over from the gallery in Paris chiefly to see Paxton's famous picture and try to persuade us to let them use it for their exhibit.

On the morning of Devisne's arrival I met him at the train and so eager was he to see the picture that even at that early hour we decided to drive over to the gallery.

Devisne was, of course, very interested in Paxton and he was our chief topic of conversation during the drive. I assured him that he would meet the artist that very day. "But," I said, "you mustn't expect too much. He hasn't been himself at all lately. Something is worrying him—I'm sure of it. He seems restless and at times just downright moody."

"You know, Breckenridge," Devisne replied, "it's an unusual thing, but absolutely all of his success has come to him through that one picture. Before he painted that he was just one more obscure artist struggling for a living in some hole here in London." "Well", he went on musingly, "the picture has certainly brought him success and fame—practically everything a man could wish for."

"But, then," I reminded him, "he deserves it if anyone ever did. He has expressed for us Truth as we have always liked to imagine it—clear-eyed, proud, and beautiful."

We had, by this time, reached the gallery and I hurried him down the long, empty corridor to the room at the end which was our destination. Unlocking the door I told him to enter, but to my amazement, his first exclamation was of horror. I pushed quickly past him into the room and never will I forget the terrible sight that met my eyes. For a second, shock deprived me of all feeling. Then I began to realize the awful thing that had actually taken place. For there before me was that huge canvas torn to shreds—mutilated beyond all hope of restoration. For a moment we were both too stunned to even speak. Then, after our first surprised exclamations, we came to our senses. I decided that the thing for me to do would be to go over and tell Paxton as best I could. Knowing his sensitive nature as I did, I wanted to spare him from any unnecessary suffering. Devisne offered to remain and deal with any situation that might arise during my absence.

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

I knocked several times at Paxton's door and receiving no answer decided to enter uninvited. He was seated at his desk with his head buried in his arms. He remained

## The Cupola



absolutely unconscious of my presence until I finally broke the heavy silence. "Garrett", I said quietly, "you—you have heard?"

He slowly raised his head and I was shocked at the change I found in him. I knew that he was very sensitive but even that did not prepare me for the lines of suffering and worry I saw written on his face. He looked haggard and worn from lack of sleep. "Heard," he said hoarsely and then growing louder, "heard?" "My God—I did it!" His head dropped back to its former position and all was quiet in the room save for the ticking of the clock which only seemed to intensify the silence. The many noises of a busy city drifted up to us from the street below, and quiet shadows drifted lazily about the corners of the room. I looked at Paxton and slowly began to realize that he meant what he had just said. Why he had done it I couldn't imagine, but I knew then that I would wait for his explanation. I went over to him to take him to his bedroom—he had to get some rest soon. He was completely exhausted and yielded as easily as a child might. He lay down quietly on his bed and in a few minutes I thought he had dropped off to sleep, but as I started to leave he heard and called me back.

"Don't leave me. I have to tell someone," he cried. "I can't keep it to myself any longer."

I gave him something to quiet his nerves and after a while he continued—quite calmly this time.

"I want you to know, first of all," he said, "that the picture is not mine. It was painted by someone else—I don't know whom—but whoever did it was certainly better than I could ever hope to be."

"Stop staring at me like that," he interrupted himself—"I'm not delirious—not now. You must believe me. I want someone to know the whole truth—and you most of all. It won't take very long to tell but it begins back in 1907—just three years ago this autumn. I didn't know you then. And I was terribly poor—didn't have a thing. But after all I did have something that I no longer possess." His voice broke on the last words—but he went on. "As I was saying, there was scarcely a day when I had enough to live on, but I longed for success—oh, you don't know how I had hoped and prayed for it and dreamed of it, but that dream was always before me. Then there came a day when I was desperate. I had no paints—no food in the place as usual and could sell none of my pictures—the same pictures that I can sell at almost any price I choose today." A slight cynical smile passed over his pale face. "It was then," he said, "that I decided to part with my last remaining treasure. It was a beautiful old picture that I had picked up several years before in an old shop down in an Italian village. I had it stuck away for a long time. It was large and I didn't have any extra space up in my little room. As I took it out I noticed once again the great thickness of the canvas. All at once the thought came to me that there might be another picture under this one. You have heard, of course, of famous paintings being discovered just that way. Well, anyway, I decided to take the chance and scrape the top one off. You know the rest—it's no use going on. Only I want to tell you that I didn't take the signature off—there was none. Only—the temptation was too great and I—I was too weak."

We were both silent for a moment. Then I said, "But why did you—?"

"Why did I destroy it? Oh—you must understand—you've got to. Can't you see it was driving me mad? I couldn't stand the thought of those clear, truthful eyes seeing my deception—the lie I had told the world. Oh—they are truthful all right—but



## The Cupola

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they are without mercy. They haunted me day and night. I couldn't get away from them. Finally I had to destroy either the picture—or myself. It was the only way—the only way out."

In a few minutes he had dropped off to sleep—exhausted. I decided to take that opportunity to run over to my apartment and get a few things so that I might remain with him that night. He was in no condition to be alone. When I returned everything seemed just as I had left it but—Garret Paxton was not there. That was the last that I ever saw or heard of him until I saw that small notice in the paper.

FREDERICA MERTENS

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(Received first prize, CUPOLA Short Story Contest.)

Judges, MISS BLAKESLEE, MISS HANNA, and MR. EDWARD MCADAM, *American University*.

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### THE BET

"I DARE you to do it! I'll bet you two dollars you wouldn't dare!" The speaker, a derisive freckled youngster with sandy reddish hair and a wrinkled nose, pointed a stubby finger at his companion,

"Oh, yeah! Well, if you'll pay for the ride, I'll take you up on it, but you're so stingy that you'll prob'ly back out now."

"You're wrong! My Dad gave me a fiver this morning for gettin' into fifth grade an' I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll go see Sam and ask him if he'll take you up for three bucks, and I'll pay him. And if you don't get scared when you're way up in the air, and if you really jump, you'll have a free ride and two bucks besides. But if you don't jump, you pay me back."

"It's a go. But what if he ain't got no parrotshoot? Then I get a free ride anyway 'cause I don't want to be squashed in my prime of life." He puffed out his chest and his black hair bristled, while his serious black eyes sparkled, for all the world like a cocker spaniel about to attack a large airedale.

"If he ain't got one, then the deal's off and you don't go up at all. I'm not handin' out free airoplane rides."

"I always knew you was stingy! Well, what are you waitin' for? Go and see him. Naw, I ain't comin' along. He might tell Pa and then there'd be the deuce to pay. Make it snappy now!"

He threw himself down on the grass and meditatively chewed a blade. His already dark face blackened with a deep manly scowl as he considered the proposition. Jim had certainly gotten him into a 'tight place'. Now if he didn't go through with this he would be branded a coward for life. Then his face brightened. Maybe Sam didn't have

## The Cupola



a parachute. Maybe he would even refuse to take him up. There was still some hope, after all. Suddenly he spied Jim racing down the path, and sat bolt upright.

Jim was evidently in an ecstasy of bliss. "Hi there Bud! He says he'll do it, and he's got a parrotshoot, only I didn't tell him you was gonna jump 'cause he might not like it. And he can't do anything about it after you've done it 'cause it'll be too late. He'll take you up right now. C'mon. Aw, you're scared. Shucks, I might a' knowed it!"

Bud felt himself obliged to reply to this affront to his manliness. "You take that back!"

"I won't either. Not 'til you've jumped!"

There was justice in that, and Bud sulkily let it stand. There certainly was no escape now.

They had been walking rapidly, and by this time were close to the old shed in which Sam kept his aeroplane. It had once been a fine machine, but after ten years it had fallen into disuse. Sam had bought it, and now used it for "barnstorming", and also for taking up occasional passengers who were willing to risk their lives for a thrill.

Sam was waiting in front of his shed. He was considerably puzzled, but business was business and he should worry if two fool kids went for a lark. It meant three dollars to him and passengers were rare. As the boys neared the shed bud called, "Have you got the parrot-shoot?"

"Sure, son. And the aeroplane's all ready and waiting'."

He strapped the chute on Bud's trembling shoulders, and wheeling the machine out, helped him into the rear cockpit.

"Now son, if anything should happen, you pull this here string after countin' three. See, like this: you jump. Then you count: one—two—three—and pull. And pretty soon you'll feel a jerk, and look up to see a big white umbrella floatin' over your head." It was evidently a carefully rehearsed speech, and Sam was modestly conscious of it.

From a distance Jim watched all these preparations with a fascinated stare. He was becoming very worried. Just suppose Bud forgot to pull that string, or suppose it didn't work. He, Jim, would be to blame! He started on a run toward the machine, but too late. The propeller was already whirring, and Sam excitedly waved him back. The plane started, and Jim watched it take off with a sinking feeling and a trembling of the knees. Maybe Bud wouldn't jump! Oh, how he hoped not. Forgotten now were the bet and the money. He knew that Bud would jump, and he felt just as sure that he would be killed.

In the meantime Bud was staring with wonder and awe over the edge. If only he hadn't made that bet, he would have been perfectly happy. He picked out his house, a mere dot in the maze of fields and forests. He could not see Jim's; it was entirely surrounded with woods. There, far off toward the horizon was the Fox River. How he wished he were at home again even if he had to wash the dishes! The plane was circling around. It was time for him to jump. He set his teeth firmly. "Now or never. Oh Lord, don't let me be killed yet!"

He stood up and felt for the string. Same looked around, and clutched madly at him as he stood upon his seat. It was too late! Shutting his eyes tightly so as not to see the enormous distance of the earth, he jumped. Forgotten were Sam's instructions. Just in time he glanced down to the earth rushing up to meet him, and frantically he pulled the cord.



## *The Cupola*

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For a time the earth continued to rise with alarming velocity. Then a violent and painful tug at his shoulders told him that his chute had worked.

It was a wholly delightful sensation to drift slowly down to earth. He gazed about him proudly, then suddenly gave a gasp of dismay. He was directly over his own house! What if his father should see him? He was not left long in doubt, for his father and mother both came rushing out, followed by little Jack, and there they all stood looking up at him. He certainly was coming down fast. If only Sam had told him how to stop the thing! He tugged experimentally at one of the ropes, but his steady and inevitable descent continued. He glanced down again, and saw that he had been recognized. Desperately he shut his eyes and pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming, but to no avail.

A few seconds passed, and then he descended with a violent bump into the middle of his front yard. The huge parachute enveloped him and happily hid his embarrassment from unkind eyes. He heard his father's footsteps approaching, and his strangely choked voice came to Bud through the heavy folds of canvas,

"Hello Lindbergh!"

(Honorable Mention)

PAULINE SEIPP



## A SONNET

### *Amber and Gold*

There's amber flecked in furrowed, rustic rows  
Of gleaming sheafs of wheat from glowing fields,  
And daffodils that dewy meadow yields;  
Even the autumnal whirlwind swiftly blows  
A labyrinth of golden leafy foes  
That clash and swirl till glowing firelight wields  
Their amber faces into sparkling shields  
Of ruddy flame, that flick'ring comes and goes—  
A world suffused in golden amber light  
Revealing God in every lustrous hue  
A wondrous radiant world, so dazzling bright  
That only pensive amber rays subdue  
Its startling gleam, and mortals sight  
Divine reality and life anew.

WILMA KOENIG



### BLINDNESS

What agony to be suddenly blind!  
To have all the world as some black ghost,  
To be only felt and feared.  
Never to see brown sand, tossed by a wind,  
Go restlessly over the dunes and back again;  
Never to see the gray winter twilight swoop over a city—  
Down . . . Down . . . melting into gray smoke and fog;  
Never to see dark pines tear restlessly  
At firm roots, eager to be away;  
Never to see the wind in the Springtime  
Lift curled apple petals to drop them into a brook.  
If such things were—  
Then it would be that I would die  
That I who felt such things would pass forever;  
In my place, would be a small gray person  
Instead of the joy and fire that made me myself.

MARTHA DAVENPORT



## A DISCOURSE ON BELLS

THERE ARE BELLS—and bells. The average person realizes this vital fact but dimly. She feels the difference between such standard types as the tinkle of gold wedding bells and the big Ben in the church steeple peeling through the frosty air, but she has no insight into the true personalities of bells. Only a boarding school girl understands this profound subject, for true comprehension comes only through personal experience.

Not even a Russian could portray the dreariness of the quarter-of-seven bell on a rainy Monday morning. Even this does not bring the complete inevitability of impending disaster, for there is still hope of a cold developing, or an ankle sprained during a vigorous dream—but with the seven-twenty bell there remains nothing but frantic, miserable haste. These are among the sadder bells.

There is, however, a happier side. What could be more cheering than the joyous sound that greets our ears at one-thirty? It brings promise of unmitigated happiness, of food! No longer must we sit trying to make our eyes glow with a consuming hunger for knowledge, but we may consume immense quantities of edibles to appease our greater and baser hunger.

Then there is the nine-twenty bell, which truly sounds more like an Indian war-whoop than a decorous Seminary bell. We could discourse at length about this all inclusive subject—but also, a fitting but unwelcome climax bids us pause—we hear the “lights-out” bell.

MAMIE DICKSON

## DISILLUSIONMENT

Close this room forever.  
Shut out a light that might enter  
And so uncover a bitter memory.  
Lock the door that no one may get in  
To see a beautiful idol lie tumbled on the floor.  
When I am seen quietly sitting on a lonely hill,  
May no person enquire of me  
What I have done with the key to that room.

MARTHA DAVENPORT



### MY MIDNIGHT-BLUE GALLEY AND I

Sometimes I go a-sailing  
In a galley of midnight-blue,  
And the tall, white masts, that loom in the dark,  
Are covered with silvery dew.  
I never know, when the wind blows high,  
Just what our course will be;  
But the dripping star I steer her by  
Takes us safely out to sea.

Once there, the wind blows softly,  
The white-capped waves run by;  
By the full, white sails, we're carried on,  
My midnight-blue galley and I.  
You'll never know what we do out there,  
Or find in the cool, bright stars;  
For the sea only knows, in his funny way,  
And the secret's forever ours.

ELAINE CHANUTE

### A BALLAD OF ROMANCE

A knight there was, in days gone by,  
In bearing brave and bold;  
He built a castle famed afar  
In merry days of old.

Lo! there you see the castle wall  
All towered and turret-crowned,  
Protecting well the fair domain  
And all the country round.

Through battles fierce and bloody wars  
It stood and still doth stand;  
The pride of all their noble race  
The pride of all the land.

Lo! there you see the castle wall  
Full strong and firm 'twas made.  
To many a weary traveler  
It gave its welcome aid.

## *The Cupola*

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One day there came a lovely maid  
In search of the brave knight.  
It seemed her castle had been stormed  
And all were lost in flight.

"Brave lass," he said in gentle tones,  
"Fear not, but lead me there.  
And I will try, so please it you,  
These onslaughts to forbear."

The gentle maid was overjoyed  
And scarce could speak her mind  
To tell this youth the way to go  
Or how the road to find.

'Twas not long ere the foe was caught  
And you'll hear them tell no more  
(Although they fought with valour great)  
Of triumphs in days of yore.

The fame of this knight so brave and bold  
Has spread afar and wide,  
And when he returned to his people proud  
The lass rode by his side.

By his brave deeds her heart he won  
And happ'ly they ended the day  
With a carefree heart and a sweet love song  
'Neath the moon that lighted the way.

NANCY E. KLING.



### HANDS

THEY MEAN a great deal to me . . . hands. How indicative they are of character and personality!

There are the boneless eager hands of children, less expressive now than they will be later, but still suggesting a great deal more than the smooth little faces. Long, slender ones, short, chunky ones, languid ones, quick-moving, nervous ones—some clutch things tightly; some seem generous from baby-hood—some have a firm, decided grip, and some are loose and limp. A few of these hands will do remarkable things in time; many will be always fumbling.

There are small boys' dirty, unbelievably strong hands, whose scratches and stains and bruises tell of a day well spent.

And girls', little girls', with a pink finger adorned by a tiny ring. One can tell by the conscious posing that these hands are, just now, Elaine's, or Lady Clarabelle's, or the Queen's, lily-white, and the wonder of the kingdom, covered with jewels to dazzle the eyes of all beholders. I imagine these beautiful hands seem a little less glamorous to their small owners as they stumble up and down tiresome scales.

Then there are the smooth, white hands, manicured and bejeweled,—and useless. They could not paint, they could not write, they could not even mend the exquisite little gloves that cover them; they never have given a clasp of understanding sympathy. But their possessors are proud of them, displaying them ever so gracefully, so they must be admired.

Some people have deep-veined, work-hardened hands, and them I always respect. Those hands have done something. And there are women with hands a little soiled, and with brilliantly polished nails. I always expect such women to have rather rasping voices, and run-down heels. And there are people with likeable hands, brown and muscular—the type that are light but firm on the reins, and can grip a golf club hard.

There are pudgy hands that always look relaxed, and seem nerveless when one clasps them. They are probably carefully cared for, a little too carefully cared for sometimes; but I am sure that a little while ago, before they became prosperous, and were merely pudgy, the nails were rather neglected.

Then there are fine hands, delicate, and firm and purposeful—surgeons have these hands, and artists. They make things, they do splendid work. They belong to strong people with deep, seeing eyes. Such hands always grasp another's firmly, they move quickly, and are very sensitive and vital. When I see a hand reach out to pay a taxi fare, or take a pen to sign its owner's signature, I feel that a book is opened revealing what lies within.

KATHERINE GIBSON



### MILTON'S SATAN AS CONTRASTED WITH THE HORNED VARIETY

AS A CHILD, the name of Satan or the Devil always sent a shiver of horror up my spine. I owe my first knowledge of the existence of such a creature to a beautifully illustrated story book of huge dimensions, over which I used to pore, when it was too stormy to play outside and my nurse had wearied of playing house under the library table. At this point the mammoth old book was produced and I was allowed, if I was careful, to lie on my stomach in front of the fire and peruse its magic pages. The one fascinating picture to which I would always turn first was that of a little boy of about my own age, lying in bed the night after he had told a lie. Everywhere, on his bed-posts and dancing over his covers, were tiny red devils, sneering at and chiding the terrified child. As I remember, they were the conventional, story-book devils with horns, tails and pitchforks. For years I had only this one conception of all evil and its inevitable punishment.

My next vivid memory of the little demon was not many years ago when my brother, returning from Europe, brought with him a little, finger-nosing devil which he placed with pride on the radiator cap of his new roadster. From its advent into the family, that little piece of painted lead seemed to have a way of causing some kind of misfortune. One thing followed upon another:—two smash-ups, and a slide from a slippery mountain road, in which the devil was twisted into contortions—never again to adorn nor cast his spell upon his unfortunate victims.

As I read a little and my views grew a bit more tolerant, the Devil took on a less tangible aspect and I thought of him no longer except as one's mental attitude or perhaps one's conscience.

With the study of "Paradise Lost", Satan takes on vast and unparalleled glory. He is undoubtedly the most heroic figure of Milton's epic. One admires his fearlessness and dauntless courage in facing an almost hopeless future, even if his intentions are evil. Satan is at once a good general, an orator and a philosopher. In spite of his own doubts and dreads, never would he let his faithful army know his true feelings. With his silver tongue he shames his Fallen Host out of submission and presents the situation to them in quite an optimistic light. He tells them that their fall from Heaven was not caused by their own inferiority to God's power, but only by the superior strength of God's army: that they were His equals in mind if not in strength. Satan is altogether a magnetic and colossal figure.

I wonder if Milton has not created as too fascinating the arbiter of all evil!

JANE KENNEDY



### MALICIOUS THOUGHTS THOUGHT DURING "FAG WEEK"

*Thought by* MARTHA DAVENPORT

How I've been told to write a song,  
And it's not my fault if it seems too long.  
But oh! the sighing that I'm not clever  
This afternoon has been greater than ever.  
I think we'll begin with Miss Sally Ewing,  
My Senior whose attention I've long been rueing.  
And one of those girls is Nancy Lee,  
From whom all "Junior candidates" flee.  
Back to Miss Krueger we come again,  
She makes Jeanie Dean to blush with pain.

And now we speak of Miss J. Street  
Who plays the piano with fingers so fleet.  
But now let's talk of Miss Vereen,  
And juniors salaaming wherever she's seen.  
And shall we speak of Miss Julia Cottrell  
Who holds Springfield boys deep in her spell?  
Now I speak of Miss E. Bovenizer  
Who simply won't rime except with Kaiser.  
Let's talk of an idol, Miss Connie Bavinger,  
Who prevents the student body from growing savager.  
(There's no such word but for the sake of a rime,  
Please forgive and forget just this one time.)  
Now we'll speak of Miss Wilma Koenig,  
Who, though not resembling, still rimes with, pig.

## *The Cupola*



This line will go to Miss M. L. Bonthron,  
Of whom all juniors are overly fond.  
Miss E. Bingham from Massachusetts hails,  
In archery and studies she never fails,  
Now we'll speak of Miss L. Winter,  
Whose friend a basket of fruit once sent her.  
Now an odd rime, Miss Wilson Fay,  
Which for the verse is just put that way,  
For the truth of the thing is that I can't sing  
With names that won't rime with anything!  
And now Miss Roberts who comes from Cal . . .  
I believe you know she's some great gal.

Back again to Miss K. Street,  
Who loves her hockey and things to eat,  
(Which latter truth I have not heard,  
But am using it 'cause it's such a nice word.)  
Miss Jane Robertson has a name  
And a smiling face that has won her fame.  
And now Miss Stevenson with such an air  
That Juniors may rage and tear their hair,  
But Marianne in her superior way  
Sarcastically replies to whatever they say.  
And now for industrious Miss Ione Foster  
Who's seen in the Tea House but not in the Cloister.  
The Senior Class is quickly diminishing,  
And with Miss Bryson I'm now finishing.



### THE PURSUIT OF PETUNIA

PETUNIA was strolling through the tumble-weed and high grass, probably looking for grasshoppers.

With my chin resting on the window-ledge, I was trying to decide whether or not to risk experimenting with the bottle of patent rinseless shampoo in the medicine closet. I had tried it on my baby brother, but had met with strenuous objection; he hadn't enough hair anyway. I was weighing the pros and cons of this momentous problem when Petunia came plowing through the tumble-weed and high grass.

Petunia was the favorite of the household, outside of the baby brother just referred to. Poor unsuspecting cat,—I might try the rinseless shampoo on her! The worst might come to pass but I preferred to have it befall her scalp rather than mine. I didn't like her anyhow because she was always more popular around the kitchen door than was I. So I climbed down from the window seat and, taking my bottle of rinseless shampoo, went in pursuit of Petunia. I managed to collar the hapless cat with a little coercion, and to apply the pungent liquid. After a vigorous massage, the slippery Petunia slid loose, and I watched with satisfaction her distressed figure hipering down the lane and disappearing around the bend—.

### PETUNIA'S RETURN

Petunia remained in hiding for several days, perhaps because of maidenly modesty, but more likely because of a genuine disillusionment as to the trustworthiness of the human race.

When I next saw her I knew by her mincing gait that I was quite definitely crossed from her calling list. She hedged haughtily by, but her physical appearance didn't substantiate her attitude. Her lovely squash color coat was now a faded yellow, no longer sleek, but scrawny. Her whiskers still remained, a sort of sad remainder of a dignity. In fact, her coat gave evidence of the ravages, not of time, but of the patent rinseless hair shampoo, the incomparable labor-saver!

I felt quite compassionate as I went back to the medicine closet and took the fatal shampoo down from behind a row of equally menacing bottles. I poured the contents out of the window. The next day the grass was brown and quite dead where the patent rinseless hair shampoo had done its final damage.

MARIANNE L. STEVENSON



## ECHO AND NARCISSUS

*Dramatis Personae*

ECHO

NARCISSUS

VENUS

LEADER OF CHORUS

CHORUS

HUNTERS

Scene One takes place in a sheltered forest glen. The tall trees form a dark background, but through the clearing, flows a small, silvery stream. As the curtain goes up, Echo is lying on the ground, weeping. Venus enters and attempts to comfort her. Echo raises her head and speaks—

*ECHO*—Ah Venus, tell me it's not wrong  
To wail and act this way;  
Today again, I saw Narcissus,  
And again he'd nought to say.

*VENUS*—Child, you waste such time in sobbing,—  
Seek another love more true;  
You are sweet and fair to look on,  
Somewhere, someone's loving you.

*ECHO*—Talk not of other loves to me,  
I am my own no longer;  
There is no hunter brave as he,  
No one in battle stronger.  
The torturing love within me  
Is burning out my heart;  
Soon with passing soft as night,  
This body will depart.  
And when I'm dead from grieving,  
Let revenge his torture be,—  
He ne'er shall have another love,  
If he will not have me.

*VENUS*—Consider, Echo,—you are young,—  
The years ahead hold joys untold,—  
Will not sorrow haunt hereafter,  
If at present you're too bold?



## The Cupola

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*ECHO*—Have I not told you of my mind,  
My soul can tell no more.  
But, let me have your promise, then,  
That he shall suffer sore.

*VENUS*—Just to see that faint smile play  
On lips that knew not pain 'til now,—  
To see Narcissus suffering thus,—  
I hereby make my vow.

*ECHO*—Beloved Venus, when I'm gone,  
Those words will comfort me;  
I know as you have sworn to act,  
Fulfillment I shall see—  
These forest trees but mock me now,  
Each leaf holds but a sneer,  
At every snapping twig I call,  
"Narcissus, you are here".  
But the silence only answers,  
Long shadows fall around,  
I wait until the sunset,  
Falling prostrate on the ground—  
—I leave you now, ne'er to return.  
When you're happy,—think of me,—  
Not as I stand before you now,  
But a pleasanter memory  
That will take you back to long ago,  
When I was careless, gay—  
The time when I could laugh at love  
Before it came my way.

*(Exit Echo)*

*VENUS*—Ah, what great sorrow does she bear  
For one of so few years;  
No more of sunshine in her eyes,  
But raindrops now—vain tears.  
Oh, one so blind to break her heart,  
To scorn a beauty rare as hers,—  
Narcissus, you are one for whom  
The fight and hunt hold lures;  
But you yet shall sorrow deeply,  
With double share of woe,—  
The grief you'll feel cannot be cured  
By battle-axe or bow.

*(Exit Venus)*

# The Cupola



## SCENE II—SAME AS SCENE ONE

Chorus enters and dances silently. Then the leader holds up her hand, and the rest listen as she speaks—

*LEADER*—Now many days have ended,  
Sad ones they were and long,  
Echo's voice alone now lingers,  
That voice that so loved song  
Is but a mimic, and we hear her  
As she sadly will repeat  
A chance phrase one might utter  
In rejoicing or defeat.  
All the day she lingers,  
Listen! listen! hear her cry!  
You can hear it faintly winging,  
Or but catch the faintest sigh!  
But, hark, there sounds a note afar,  
The hunter now draws near.  
If he but knew how short the time  
Till he lies dying here!

*(Exit Chorus—Enter Narcissus and men)*

*NARCISSUS*—'Tis warm today, and I am weary.  
My throat is parched and dry,  
But stand a pace and wait for me;  
I'll join you by and by.

*(Exit men)*

Ah, sparkling drink, how welcome now,  
Refreshing, cool and clear.  
But stop, my eyes deceive me.  
'Twould seem quite strange, quite queer,—  
For never have I knelt to drink  
And seen a face so fair.  
I can not draw my eyes away,  
They linger, longing there.  
Ah, speak, sweet image, say thy name!  
Ah, speak if you be true;  
Forgetting friends and comrades,  
I linger here by you;  
But darkness now enfolds us,  
Dear face, fade not away,—  
To see again that vision  
I'll rest here till the day.



## The Cupola

### SCENE III—SAME

*(Enter Narcissus)*

NARCISSUS—Three days now have ended,  
And you're back with me again,  
As reward for all my patience,  
And in place of all my men.  
So, I linger and keep hoping  
That you will turn and say,  
" 'Twas not in vain you waited."  
Oh, turn and smile my way.  
Ah, what mad fancy seizes me,  
And makes me loathe to roam?  
I am held here—I am weakened  
By a force that's in the foam,  
And now my strength deserts me,—  
I am old, no longer free,—  
I did not know, how could I guess  
What pain great love can be?  
I fall, I lie here. Maid, be kind,—  
But look, grant me power to rise,—  
Nay, I am touched by a chilling wind,  
I know my body dies.  
Farewell, green world I love,  
Farewell the hunter's call,—  
I thought you meant the most to me,  
But, love o'ercometh all. *(Dies)*.

*(Enter Venus)*

Narcissus' soul has passed away,  
By false delusions slain.  
How could he know 'twas his own face  
That caused him mortal pain?  
His untouched heart, in love of self,  
Hath lost—hath made no gain.  
He deals himself a mortal blow.  
Who doth true love disdain.  
I kept my promise, Echo—  
And I shot my arrow true,—  
Oh, lovely voice that sounds in space,  
He now belongs to you.

*(Curtain)*

ISABEL GORDON



# EVENTS



## SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1929-1930

### October.

1. Green busses bring the Student Body, which is greeted by rain and the Senior Class.
2. Process of getting settled begun. Miss Cole tells us the history of the school.
3. An illustrated lecture, "The Historic Potomac", given by Mr. Paul Wilstack.
4. Optima's first indulgence.
5. Old Girl-New Girl Party in fine Open Air Gymnasium. Field House initiated.
6. First afternoon chapel with sermon by beloved Dr. Harris.
9. O what "ahzzes" the Junior candidates were.
10. Candidates become Juniors with much rejoicing.
12. Senior Housewarming.
18. An Old girl, Mrs. Elsa Mower, presents her pupil, Martha Wickwire, in a recital of dancing and poetry.
19. Juniors entertain Seniors at the Field House.
26. Hallowe'en, and the Faculty in an unusual mood.

### November.

1. The Forms grow up overnight—banners and advisers.
2. Junior Vaudeville.
6. Founder's Day Celebration.
9. Senior week-end.
12. Dramatic Workshop presents "The Vanishing Princess".
21. The Yellows defeat the Whites on the hockey field.
22. Dramatic Workshop talent displayed in the play, "Thursday Evening"
28. A cold Thanksgiving hockey game—Collegiates versus Yellows. Turkey dinner by candlelight followed by a dance in Great Hall.

### December.

6. Senior Play, "The Ivory Door", actually presented.
8. Mrs. Hobart tells us of her experiences in China.
9. Plays, "Beau of Bath" and "Nevertheless", by Dramatic Workshop.
11. Miss Hanna's classes startled us with their knowledge by presenting a Latin Play.
13. Californians set out for the Golden Coast.
17. Christmas Party and Play.
19. The Seniors early morning caroling and the beginning of vacation.

# *The Cupola*



## January.

8. Everyone returns stronger and wiser.
10. The German Opera, "Don Juan".
11. The Juniors win the first Ingenuity Contest.
21. "Madame Butterfly," and we understand it!
22. Mr. Torovsky convinces us that he knows everything about organs.
24. Second Ingenuity Contest—The Seniors, with the aid of gorgeous scenery and the childish innocence of the Juniors, convince us that Love is "The Greatest of These". Judged a tie.

## February.

1. Otis Skinner in "Papa Juan".
2. Recital by Miss Winston.
3. Projects!
7. Project week ends with the third Ingenuity Contest, "Hot Off the Press", which the Juniors win.
12. We learn something of telephony and television.
14. A recital of poems, by Mr. Leon Pearson.
15. Valentine Party.
16. Recital by Mrs. Larkin. We have our "little yellow dog" once again.
17. There are divisions among us, due to the debate between Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Thornton Wilder.
18. The Philadelphia Symphony. Miss Nancy Byrd Turner reads some of her poems to the CUPOLA Workshop.
19. "Perfect posture, perfect posture, do not slump."
23. Recital of the Book of Job, by Mr. John Duxbury.

## March.

2. Miss Walker tells us of her early life in M. V. S.
8. Basket-ball game between Miss Madeira's and Mount Vernon. We get the short end of a 33-28 score.
9. Recital by Mrs. Rickett.
15. We all fall in love with "Daddy-Long-Legs", the Yellow and White Class Play.
17. Mrs. Ensor speaks on "Focal Points of New Education".
22. Field House Board gives a benefit bridge party.
23. Musical talent displayed in recital.
25. M. V. S. indulges in a little fencing with Gunston Hall.
27. Twelve o'clock bell and vacation begins.



## *The Cupola*

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### April.

1. April Fool!
5. Another vacation all over.
6. The Harvard Double Quartet arrives rather tardily but gives us a beautiful concert.
11. Mr. Edward Davison intrigues his audience with his delightful Scotch personality. We come home from "Journey's End" that evening feeling wilted and weary.
12. The best party of the year, the Athletic Association Dance, preceded by the Basketball Banquet.
20. Easter Sunday. Mount Vernon, in its best "bib and tucker," goes out to Church.

### May.

1. Senior Essay Day, and the annual prospect of rain for the Great Falls picnic.
6. Optima Picnic to Dower House in Maryland.
8. The Junior-Senior Banquet.
10. The CUPOLA Party.
17. Projects over, we "blow off steam" at the Field Day events.
22. Yellow and White Class leave us at home, while they go off on a picnic.
23. School Day.
24. Alumnae Day . . . the end is drawing nigh.
25. Baccalaureate Sunday. Sermon by Dr. McCartney. Cloister Supper, Class Songs, and the distribution of the CUPOLAS.
26. Junior Class Play, "Romeo and Juliet".
27. Class Day and the last will and testament of the Class of 1930.
28. Commencement, goodbye, and rush for green busses and the Union Station.

## FAG WEEK

"GET UP and salute your Senior!" cried an imperious voice at an unearthly hour. In a dazed manner I uttered in a lethargic voice, "Good morning, Miss ——".

So it had begun—the dreaded Fag Week—the uppermost thought in our minds since our arrival at school! Junior corridor was indeed bedlam. The nightwatchman, disturbed from his usual ritual by the noise, startled anew the already timorous Junior candidates with his inquiry, "Where's the fire?" Up at dawn, we staggered through the



day; letters were written to every Senior's "Aunt Emmy" and bosom pal, odes were sung to mine Senior's dreamy orbs and spun-gold locks, stockings laundered and darned (I know all summer's mending was saved for us poor candidates to repair); the skinny forced down milk and cereal, while the plump suffered as pounds and pounds were annexed. Bending, but not for reducing purposes, caused much lumbago in our class as we submissively greeted each high and mighty Senior, and always accompanied the salutation with that chant, "O wat anaziam!"

After two days of agony, we were peremptorily summoned into Senior Room, only be informed that "Fag Week" was over. Great was the relief of us all, for even Seniors found it difficult to rise at dawn! Ice cream and Zimmer's famous cakes appeared. The candidates had become full-fledged Juniors.

## THE JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

### ACT I

Aeroplanes gliding—slowly—faster—black and white wings circling.

*Cast:* AINSLEE PUHL and SHIRLEY ROSS.

### ACT II

College girls—raccoon coats—Juniors singing—"Song about Seniors"—clever Juniors.

*Cast:* ILMA JANE THEURER, DIANTHA BROWN, RUTH POTTER, ROSANA KILPATRICK, JANET CARLTON.

### ACT III

Playlet—the servant problem—"Izzie, don't hang your mouth open"!—"Yes, ma'am".

*Cast:* MARTHA DAVENPORT, VIRGINIA MCFIE, ISABEL GORDON.

### ACT IV

Chorus—"Tiptoeing thru the tulips"—smiles—grace—eight pairs of pastel slippers tapping.

*Cast:* JANET WILLIAMSON, KITTY FOYE, FLORENCE BATES, MARGARET MCBRIDE, ROSANA KILPATRICK, MARY WALLACE, ZOE PICKERING, JEAN GRIFFITHS, SHIRLEY ROSS.

### ACT V

Toe Dance—white ballerina, swaying before a black curtain.

*Cast:* FRANCES BRINKMAN.

### ACT VI

A Professor showing his bookshelf—an Oriental girl—wooden soldiers—mandarins—King Arthur—Colonial days.

*Cast:* VIRGINIA SHUMATE, JEANIE DEAN LAUER, MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER, SHIRLEY STEVENS, CAROL PARKER, BARBARA ALLEN, LAVINIA HUGUENIN, HELEN WILLIAMSON, and DOROTHY BAUER.



### SENIOR HOUSEWARMING

Saturday Evening, October 12, 1929

THE NEW GIRLS were still rather wide-eyed and wondering when the Seniors came to the rescue with their annual housewarming. The rooms on Senior Corridor were gay with pillows, sprawling dogs, and other decorations. Refreshments were served just outside of Senior Parlor, where stood the receiving line. From every crowded room was heard a chatter and laughter that drowned out even the victrolas. Of course, the bowls of candy and fruit were emptied as fast as they could be filled, and Mrs. Mason and Miss Carroll went to bed that night wondering how many calls there would be for castor oil next morning. We all thank the Class of 1930 for their hospitality. And how we appreciated the "sleep-over" Sunday morning!

### THE OLD GIRL—NEW GIRL PARTY

WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC—over roller skates! Everyone was keyed up with the idea of the "Old Girl—New Girl Party"; and the confidence thus inspired outweighed any wary indefiniteness as to the stability of wheels when brought in contact with *terra firma*. There were, despite wobbly legs, few casualties, no bones were broken, and everyone had a dizzily happy time. A four-piece jazz orchestra contributed pep and noise. It might be inferred that the rhythm of the music had a stabilizing effect on those who ordinarily came in contact with the floor more often where they sit than where they stand. After dancing, entertainment, and welcomed refreshments, we all turned our weary steps toward the house, thoroughly contented, with a half-awake consciousness of having had a "whirl" of a time.



## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

'Twas the night of the party and all through the school  
There were costumes to gather while excitement held rule.  
The Field House was gay with spirits and bats  
While from ev'ry beam hung a dozen black cats.  
There were farmers and milk girls and other folks there  
Who came sauntering in to a quaint rustic air.  
But the noblest of all who came to that place.  
Was a farmer with lines of care in his face—  
Mr. Clara Hand, with striped overalls,  
Who seldom went out to such fancy balls.  
And Mrs. Pony Horst—fresh from the farm—  
Vamped all the men with her primitive charm.  
Miss Quinlan with braids and Miss Leino without  
In this gay crowd ran in and ran out.  
Miss Cole led the dance with straw hat in hand,  
While all of us two-stepped to a fine hick-town band.  
Miss Guard acted nursery rhymes till we clapped loud for more,  
For she made us all gaily with laughter to roar.  
Miss Hastings as Caesar and gentle Miss Jean  
Made the handsomest couple we'd ever seen;  
But Brutus arrived, and then came the end  
For he made quick work of his ambitious friend.  
And soldiers in bathing caps silvered and gleaming  
Cut short the drama 'mid bloodshed and screaming.  
We sat on the floor and ate 'til we burst  
Of baked beans and "weenies" and, what was the worst,  
Doughnuts and lollipops, cider and all—  
They made an end to that Hallowe'en Ball!  
Then we all took our leave and we're happy to say,  
We'd like to repeat it on some future day!

LYDA RICHMAN



### THANKSGIVING DAY

As the shrill little bell rang the hour of six-forty-five that crisp November day, it must have been thoroughly surprised by the immediate response to its call. But was not this a special day? Besides, who could sleep with glorious plans in view which made delicious little thrills chase up and down one hundred and thirty-seven spines?

Thanksgiving Day had arrived at last and so many events did it bring that to enumerate them all makes my mind fairly whirl. First there was that comfortable realization that M. V. S. would be excused from its daily before-breakfast airing, commonly known as "drill". Then came the morning in the sacred purity of our own little chapel whose altar laden with heaps of shining fruits seemed to breathe a spirit of thankful plenty. The hockey game was of course a source of much elation and the smiling victors added another item to their already long list of blessings. Then a dash for rooms and much bustling, until finally every member of the M. V. S. family emerged in civilian clothes ready for a feast and theatre in the "great unknown" of the city. It would be unnecessary to say that every second of this spree was thoroughly enjoyed.

To reach the climax of my story, I must tell of the donning for the first time during the year, 1929-1930, of those lovely little pastel frocks which go by the name of "Special Occasion Dresses", and I cannot but admit that they made us all appear quite at the height of girlish purity and simplicity. This feat accomplished, all descended to the Great Hall where when gathered we were said by the visiting parents to resemble "a bunch of beautiful spring flowers". In the dining-hall, lovely with the soft shadows cast by long flickering candles and made interesting by spicy odors issuing from the regions of Mrs. Bayliss and Company, we sat down to a meal where our watch-word, "Never show a desire for food", was not easily regarded. After dinner came our Thanksgiving Ball which was made complete by an orchestra and as many glasses of punch as one's soul desired.

The glorious day ended, M. V. S. radiant with happiness settled down, at last, for a refreshing rest, but not before realizing how much we were indebted to those grim Pilgrim Fathers of long ago who first inaugurated Thanksgiving Day.



## VALENTINE PARTY

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS had nothing on M. V. S. the night of February the fifteenth, when the Yellow and White Classes gave the annual Valentine Dance. A West Pointer, superior in his brass-buttoned garb, artists, gobs, farmers, Dutchmen, and even Russians played with the hearts of the many fair maidens who made up a large part of the assembly. With the memories of that night we have in mind a panorama of red balloons, red hearts, and a swaying mass of multi-colored costumes. As the crowd collected everyone admired the varied costumes of Spanish señoritas, gypsies, handsome pierrots and gay pierrettes, tzarinas, and dainty old-fashioned dames.

The merits of these picturesque dancers were displayed as they passed in a kaleidoscope of color before the judges who, after more than the usual difficulty, finally awarded the prizes to Rosana Kilpatrick and Ainslee Puhl. The grace of the various dancers in the intricate steps of the modern generation was also passed upon—the honors going to Cynthia Bartels and Cornelia Lewthwaite.

A striking ballet was presented later in the evening when eight figures in black and white costumes gave the effect of stray moonbeams contrasting with the darkness of night. As they sang the "Song of the Moonbeams" they danced in a slow graceful rhythm. After the chorus, Nancy Kling and Ethel Royster harmonized songs suitable to the lovely setting.

## THE OPTIMA BENEFIT

TEN HARVARD YOUTHS arrived within our cloistered walls on Sunday evening, April the sixth. They had, it seems, had a long, wet, hungry trip! In spite of the "short" delay before the concert began, when at last they were arrayed before us in gleaming tuxedos, and sang their first selection, we became convinced that our wait was not in vain.

Their programme was delightful and varied. Three piano selections and a group of baritone solos made the evening even more interesting. "Fair Harvard" was their final encore, after much applause.

With the profits from this concert added to the money from the Circus last year, Optima was able to buy a new radio-victrola for the school. Every M. V. S. girl will appreciate this gift by which a long-felt need has been satisfied.



### THE INGENUITY CONTESTS

THE INGENUITY CONTESTS had loomed up formidably since the beginning of the year. Still, we looked forward to them,—the Seniors assured us that they were a pleasant experience, to say the least, as well as being one of the oldest traditions of Mount Vernon Seminary.

Certainly, the ceremony with which the Seniors challenged the Juniors was sufficient to strike awe into even an adventurous spirit. One evening shortly before Christmas vacation, they marched into the dining-room and formed an impressive semi-circle, while Ellie read the rules for the Contests. A symbolic glove was proudly hurled to the floor, to be picked up by Beth, who accepted the challenge on the part of the Junior Class.

The first contest was a true test of our ingenuity. The subject and rules, drawn up by a faculty committee, were given to each group one hour before presentation, in which time it was necessary to plan the action, and secure costumes and scenery. There is no need to assure you that the outstanding memory of this first contest is, purely and simply, a mad rush and an over-taxing of faculties. The subject, "At the Beginning of a New Year, We View in Retrospect and Prospect, Music, Art, and Literature", was interpreted by both contestants with surprising ingenuity. After the proverbial wait for a decision, the judges awarded this first contest to the Juniors.

The titles of the remaining two contests had been chosen by the Seniors, the first of which was "The Greatest of These". Fantastic scenery of black, picturing the Forest of Experience wherein all becomes subservient to Love, characterized the presentation of the Seniors. Their theme was of a rather serious and subtle nature, while the Juniors' interpretation was appealing and charming, showing the importance of Love in the life of a child. It was impossible for the judges to choose between the two classes and the decision was a tie.

"Hot off the Press", the third and last contest, was treated with great originality by both groups. The Juniors felt that a Chinese laundry expressed the idea of the title, whereas the Seniors used magazine covers of every type.

Again the Juniors were victorious and, winning two out of the three contests, they were given the privilege of choosing the time to present their colors.

And so the Ingenuity Contests were over for another year. With their completion came the first feeling that the year was well on its way.

# The Cupola



## "THE GREATEST OF THESE"

### CHARACTERS

<i>A miller</i>	<i>Love</i>
<i>A baker</i>	<i>Faith</i>
<i>An innkeeper (Despair)</i>	<i>Optimism</i>
<i>People about the street</i>	<i>Courage</i>
<i>Hope, leader of the gnomes</i>	<i>Happiness</i>
	<i>Kindness</i>

*First Act:* At a wayside inn, in any country you please, yesterday, today, or tomorrow (preferably today, but more probably tomorrow).

*Second Act:* In the forest of "Experience".

### ACT ONE

*Baker:* "What seems to be the matter today? Your appetite isn't as hearty as usual. Here—have a bit more sausage and cheese"—

*Miller:* "No, I'm in no mood for such today."

*Baker:* "I've noticed you of late. Something is on your mind, and it shows in your face. What is the matter?"

*Miller:* "Everything."

*Baker:* "On what have you been brooding? The world may be, in fact, it seems to be mostly wrong. But that's no reason for you to carry it on your shoulders."

*Miller:* "Let men with all their toys play at their foolish games! If only I could find some meaning to life, and where it is taking us."

*Innkeeper:* "What's this you speak of?"

*Baker:* "The outlook of a pessimist!"

*Innkeeper:* "No, the outlook of one who sees beneath the surface,—and wonders."

*Baker:* "I, too, have often wondered so. I find that life is cruel and leads to no apparent goal, but I've weighed the facts and come to this conclusion: if men were good, and laws were what they might be, life would be a simple matter. But that is destiny . . . why not accept it? Take life as it comes, for mark my words, . . . your fate has long since been written in the book of time, and naught that you or any human being can do will alter what God has decided shall come of you and of your soul."

*Miller:* "Your soul, where will it be when your bones have crumbled into dust? What



## The Cupola

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God will deal mercifully with you when you are dead, if he forsakes you in your lifetime?"

*Innkeeper:* "But surely you cannot deny the reality of God?"

*Miller:* "That is just the doubt that assails and tortures me, so that life has become hateful, and death a thing to fear."

*Baker:* "The Bible?"

*Miller:* "Children believe the fairy tales their elders tell them, and we believe the tales the sages tell us!"

*Innkeeper:* "You make me fear."

*Baker:* "First comes fear, and then immunity. You'll harden, and all the blows men strike will glance off harmlessly."

*Miller:* "Man and his little life, they are as nothing beside the immensity of the unknown. Can I go into that darkness we call death alone, with no God to guide me? (His face in his hands). There is no Hell, but what exists in my own mind." (He gets up and goes).

*Innkeeper:* "Poor fellow. It is not death that I fear, it is life."

*Baker:* "Yes, one spark and the world is ignited, men massacring men, the atomic ray, armies, fleets, cities . . . every living thing disintegrated, the land scorched, blackened and smoking."

*Innkeeper:* "And after the death play is over, diplomats devise their cunning, crippling treaties, make their subtle devices for courts of justice."

*Baker:* "And draw up promises of everlasting peace—a delusion, vain paper agreements that will never be kept, an age-old story. And now I must be going back to the bakery. Good day."

*Innkeeper:* (Staring fearfully) "Can he be right? Fears have been stirring in me of late. He seems to have confirmed them. Can such a world be made better? Hopeless, I am afraid." (He shudders, and the curtains falls).

## ACT TWO

The curtain rises: Hope is stretched out on the ground, thoughtfully regarding the scene. He jumps up suddenly and busies himself gathering roots and root-fibers which he stacks in a neat pile, singing as he works:

"If the sun and moon should doubt,  
They'd immediately go out."  
We live by faith, with hope we die,  
And love will always stand us by . . .

# The Cupola



*Faith* bounces in:

"Hello."

*Hope*: "Hello, Faith. Here, put these by, and help. They're tough." "Did you find that pessimistic miller we spied down at the heath a few days ago?"

*Faith*: "You mean the young fellow who never tends his mill, but stares at the river swirling below him? Oh, yes, I found him sitting in a garret, a dark, musty old hole, bent over a doll . . . (they sit down)."

*Hope*: "A doll? When last we saw him at his mill, he was despairing about the doubts that were attacking his faith. It must have affected his mind."

*Faith*: "Oh, no. It was a ragged old doll, with a dull china head sewed on its sawdust body. There was a gash in the side, and the sawdust was pouring out . . . he was mumbling to himself—'no more is left of life than this. Once there was everything to live for, now it is empty. My faith is gone.'"

*Hope*: "Ah, I see. He was wondering. He thought there is no God. I remember him mumbling when we first saw him, as he looked into the river. He accepted his faith like a little child who sees the truth in its Mother's eyes, and takes the world as she describes it to him."

*Faith*: "But he clung to that doll. He seemed to be afraid to let the last fragments of his cherished belief pour out. He felt hopeless without a God and yet he wondered, and it was driving him mad; he tried to believe (hesitates). Why does man worship blindly, and then wonder what it is he worships?"

*Hope*: "That, Faith, is something that men have never found out, and never will until they can reach beyond the little prejudices they have built around themselves. You see, a few hundred centuries have created an illusion in men. . . ."

*Faith*: "What is that?"

*Hope*: "They think they're wise as the sages!"

*Faith*: "How stupid."

*Hope*: "All the pettinesses of man's life have changed him into a skeptic, suspicious, fearful. So it is with his religion. Conceit leads him to fears and doubts, until he imagines himself a confirmed atheist."

*Faith*: "But they never find comfort in the knowledge that there is no God."

*Hope*: "No. They live miserable lives, and die in hopeless despair. Faith is what they need, and how simple it would be if only men cast aside the false coat that hides their belief. If they could see beneath, what a cloud of trouble and doubt they could dispel."

*Faith*: "That miller. . . ."

*Hope*: "Oh yes, how did you succeed with him?"

*Faith*: "He was sure of his ground. That is, he was positive that he worshipped nothing more than a stone image, so I stuffed all the sawdust back into the doll, and sewed up the hole. Then I wove a new pattern for him, and put in a few strong roots of faith, fastened them with your fibers of hope, tied the knots at the end with love; and put on a few roots of optimism, just for good measure."



## The Cupola

*Hope*: "Splendid. We find the worst cases, but I always go to sleep at night wondering if we haven't missed a few miserable fellows."

*Faith*: "Perhaps we have. They aren't the only ones. Think of all the pessimists; those who are disillusioned, who don't want to live any more; think of those who've lost all courage, or those who are so stilted that they've lost all kindliness. . . . Oh, there are many more." (He makes a significant sweeping gesture).

*Hope*: "You make me almost discouraged thinking of it! Ho, but there is no place for discouragement here." (And he smiles broadly).

*Faith*: "We can always do our best, and then hope for better." (He looks expectantly at Hope, who slaps him on the shoulder approvingly).

*Hope*: "You have the right spirit, Faith. There was a time when your Grandfather, (I was only a little fellow), was most stiff and unbending. He never conceded an inch. He never learned the art of compromise, and we might be much farther along if he had. No, he never gave credit to Reason or Courage, or Happiness . . . nothing existed for him but Faith. We've gone beyond that now." . . . (All the time the two have been gathering moss to sleep on, and leaves).

(Courage, Love, and Kindness come in, followed by Happiness and Optimism, all bursting with good spirits).

"Hello, Optimism. Busy day, Happiness?"

*Happiness*: "Quite, Hope. Not very successful, though. But tomorrow is sure to be better. People are always in search of happiness."

*Courage*: "That's true . . . Selfish of them, don't you think? It's not often that they put themselves out to be kind, or charitable, is it, Kindness?"

*Kindness*: "No, they don't. That's why our job isn't as difficult a task as Happiness'. Why, we don't spend half the time and energy that he does."

*Happiness*: "And it's a thankless task. . . . When I do give folks a dose of happiness, they aren't satisfied. What they have they don't want, and what they haven't they want, and most of the time, they don't know what it is they *do* want! I have to be awfully optimistic dealing with situations like that."

*Optimism*: "I can furnish you all the optimism you want. That's my name."

*Courage* (Quickly, as he leans forward): "Perhaps I can offer you a bit of my courage?"

*Happiness*: "Thanks, awfully. Perhaps someday I may need it. It would be a great help if we could establish a clinic".

*Optimism* (derisively): "What for? We work on mental diseases, not physical ailments."

*Happiness*: "I mean a clinic where human beings could go to have their mental diseases and indefinite desires analyzed. What a lot of care and trouble could be swept away if only people knew just what they wanted." . . .

*Kindness*: "If they would stop thinking of themselves and think of their neighbors . . . or . . . or . . . almost anyone else, happiness would quite naturally come to them, instead of their looking around for it in unheard-of places."

*Happiness*: "Happiness is only a word that has cast its well-nigh unbreakable spell on

# The Cupola



an otherwise skeptical human race. (Sighing, as he twiddles with a root). And it's a deceiving spell; like a contrary wind, it sends their whole ship of life off on the wrong tack."

(From the wings, a bent and weary figure enters. It is Despair. We seem to recognize the figure of the innkeeper whom we met not long ago. He is dressed in rusty black; his pale drawn face is the picture of utter depression. All the gnomes except Hope, Love, and Faith scuttle for shelter.)

*Despair*: "Can you tell me, my good fellow, in what part of m'lord's woods I am?"

*Hope*: "You are far from that place, my good friend, if it is there you wish to be. This is the forest, Experience".

*Despair*: "And I have lived in the Highlands all my life, nor have I traveled far beyond the heath where I was born. I know each meadow and wood, but I have never heard of the forest called 'Experience'. I've been walking only a few hours. Can it be that I've gone so far that I am beyond the country I know so well?"

*Hope*: "No, friend, not actually. But you have gone beyond the sphere of your experience. You will learn much here."

*Despair* (impatiently): "Yes, yes, I know. But I am through with learning any more. I know too much of life now, and long to get away from everything in it that has broken me. I seek a cliff, where I may drop into eternity and end a useless existence. Who knows what death may have in store, but surely it can be no worse than what life has held."

*Hope* (aside to Faith and Love): "Opportunity knocks". (To Despair) "I know of no cliff within a few miles. . . . Tell me, is life as hopeless as all that? Perhaps you have been hasty. Can't you go back to your home and begin life where you left it a few hours ago?"

*Despair*: "I have no home."

*Hope*: "What is your trade?"

*Despair*: "I am an innkeeper by profession. I come in contact with all manner of persons—the rich, the poor, all manner of indolent, crafty, worthless, shiftless folk, who prey on the innocent. They come and go, each one as vain as the last, each one as worldly."

*Optimism* (who has just come back upon the scene): "How gloomy you are."

*Despair*: "And you'd be too, had you seen as much of life as I."

*Optimism*: "Perhaps I've seen even more than you. Perhaps I heard you today, talking with the miller and the baker; growing more and more distressed, and filled with apprehension and despair? Perhaps we can weave a new pattern for you, as we did for your friend the miller?"

(Those not engaged in the conversation are weaving patterns with the roots just gathered).

*Despair* (surprised, he looks up): "Who are you, that you heard me? Tell me, what is this strange place, where I shall learn much, when I don't care to learn. Why do I feel younger in spirit already, when I have been here but a few moments? Who



## The Cupola

are you, who dress so oddly, and live in my lord's wood, which you call 'Experience'?"

*Hope*: "We are the weavers of hope, love, faith, courage, and all the other virtues which man wants. I am Hope.

*Faith*: "And I am Faith."

*Love*: "And I am Love. We have woven a new pattern for you. Take it, and you will find new joy in life. Into it we have woven Hope, to lead you onward, Faith in God and in your neighbor; Optimism to bear you up when things look bad, Kindness, which will bring you happiness without measure; and the pattern is fastened with Courage. With Courage at your right hand you can face the world and anything with which life challenges you."

(Hope gives him the new pattern)

"But I have yet to give you something greater, 'that which suffereth long and is kind; with which you neither envy nor fail; with which you can not think of evil, but rejoice in the truth.'" With this pattern is given, Love. For without Love it would profit you nothing. Love is the way of all life, for Love beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. (Gives him pattern) Go back now, friend. You have a new love . . . a love of life, a love of God and your fellow-

(Optimism, Kindness, etc., move off, but Despair remains, motionless, standing almost erect; Love, Hope, and Faith remain also).

*Hope* (sitting down on a rock): "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love. These three, but the greatest of these is Love."

MARIANNE L. STEVENSON



## MENU AND PROGRAM OF JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

MAY 8, 1930

ALICE HAND, *Toastmistress*

Alma Mater

Egg Canape

Welcome ..... ELIZABETH KENNEDY  
Response ..... ELEANOR BOVENIZER

Olives

Clear Tomato Soup  
Radishes  
Salted Nuts

Bread Sticks

*Triolets* ..... MARGARET MCBRIDE

Crab Meat Cutlet  
Rolled Asparagus Sandwiches

La Prophetie de Troubadours..... JUNIOR OCTETTE

New Peas

Stuffed Boned Squab

Sweet Potatoes and Marrons

Finger Rolls

A Senior Speaks..... MARIANNE STEVENSON

Pineapple and Strawberry Salad  
Toasted Saltines

A Chante Fable..... VIRGINIA SHUMATE  
Again a Senior Speaks..... FLORENCE KRUEGER

Senior Rose on Spun Sugar

M. V. S. Creed

Class Song..... SENIOR CLASS  
Class Song..... JUNIOR CLASS

Demi Tasse and Mints

Poem ..... WILMA KOENIG  
Farewell Song..... SENIOR CLASS  
Farewell Song..... JUNIOR CLASS

Auld Lang Syne



### FOUNDER'S DAY

*(Taken from the Recording Secretary's minutes)*

THE annual Founder's Day meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon, November the sixth, with Kathryn Bavinger, the Vice-Regent, presiding.

Miss Cole gave a word of welcome to the new girls. She spoke briefly about the various chapters and explained that this year for the first time the Roll Call was being edited by one not on the immediate school staff, Rowena Thom, '28.

The new entrance gate and walk directly in front of the school, the Open-Air Gymnasium, and the Field House were mentioned by Miss Cole as this year's material advancements.

Telegrams of greeting from old M. V. S. girls were read by the Secretary. These were followed by a report from the Lend-A-Hand Society, given by the President, Nancy Lee, who told of her trip to the Children's Hospital. . . .

It was voted that a Committee be appointed by the Vice-Regent to visit the old school at 1100 M Street to find out what is most needed there. . . .

Miss Walker announced that flowers have been placed on Mrs. Somers' grave in Indianapolis. . . .

It was voted that a word of greeting be sent to Mary Strachan and to Miss Anna Kurtz as well as a verbal greeting to the Adelia Gates Hensley Chapter through Miss Cole, Miss Guard, and Miss Walker, who were leaving for New York to attend the meeting of the Chapter at the home of Marjorie Post Hutton on Thursday, November seventh. . . .

Rowena Thom came forward and presented Miss Cole with a check for one hundred dollars from the Jean Dean Cole Chapter of Los Angeles, to be used for the school as Miss Cole thinks best. . . .

The meeting was followed by a reception in the new Field House where old and new girls, together with faculty and friends, gathered around the birthday cake with its circle of fifty-five candles. As each candle was extinguished, a good wish for future of the school was made. . . .

The first bond held on the mortgage of the Field House was burned with great ceremony. Then the first issue of this year's Broadside was distributed, and M. V. S. entered into its fifty-sixth year. . . .



PLAYS



### THE IVORY DOOR

Comedy, in three acts, by A. A. Milne: made known in Mt. Vernon Seminary (by Mrs. Larkin) December 7, 1929, in the school theater, with this cast: The Senior Class.

THE CLASS OF 1930 chose for its play a most stimulating and enchanting composition by that clever author, A. A. Milne. Its name, "The Ivory Door", suggests to us something of the mystic quality which was woven into the drama. There was an intense silence as the earnest actors carried us with them back to the days of kings, queens, and superstition, when peasants told weird tales of the Devil riding on a black horse, and when rulers and chancellors dared not break tradition. Shining coats of mail, clinking swords, velvet and lace, blended with the flow of imagination and the whimsical sagacity of the play. The sombre silence of the great door, the leaden blackness glimpsed as its portals swung open, the perfect portrayal of the characters—all lent a spirit which will linger with the members of the audience long after the actors themselves have disappeared through the Ivory Door of M. V. S.



## YELLOW AND WHITE CLASS PLAY

THE Yellow and White Classes, after weeks of consternation, finally presented "Daddy Long Legs" by Jean Webster, on Saturday evening, March the fifteenth. Everything went off with a really professional atmosphere about the entire production. With every character, the roles were perfectly chosen and portrayed with a certain artistic finesse that was easily sensed throughout the play. It will be some time before we forget Eloise Wilmsen as Judy, the glorified orphan. She was excellent both as an inmate of the dreaded John Grier Home, and as the more sophisticated college girl.

The moment "Sunny" Minty stepped on the stage as Jervis Pendleton, a sigh was heard from every maiden's heart, for such an attractive man had not been seen around these parts for quite some time! Sunny's every gesture was in keeping with her character—and besides—her clothes really fit her! In fact, we now have a pretty good idea of what the well-dressed young man will be wearing this season.

Nor must we forget Frances Witte's characterization of Miss Pritchard, nor Clara Hand, nor Jane Crowley and the poor henpecked orphans, and numerous others who deserve a great deal of credit. And, of course, we feel endlessly indebted to Mrs. Larkin for the time and interest she gave toward making the Yellow and White Class Play a success.



### THE COMMENCEMENT PLAY

*"Peter Pan"*

Presented by the Junior Class

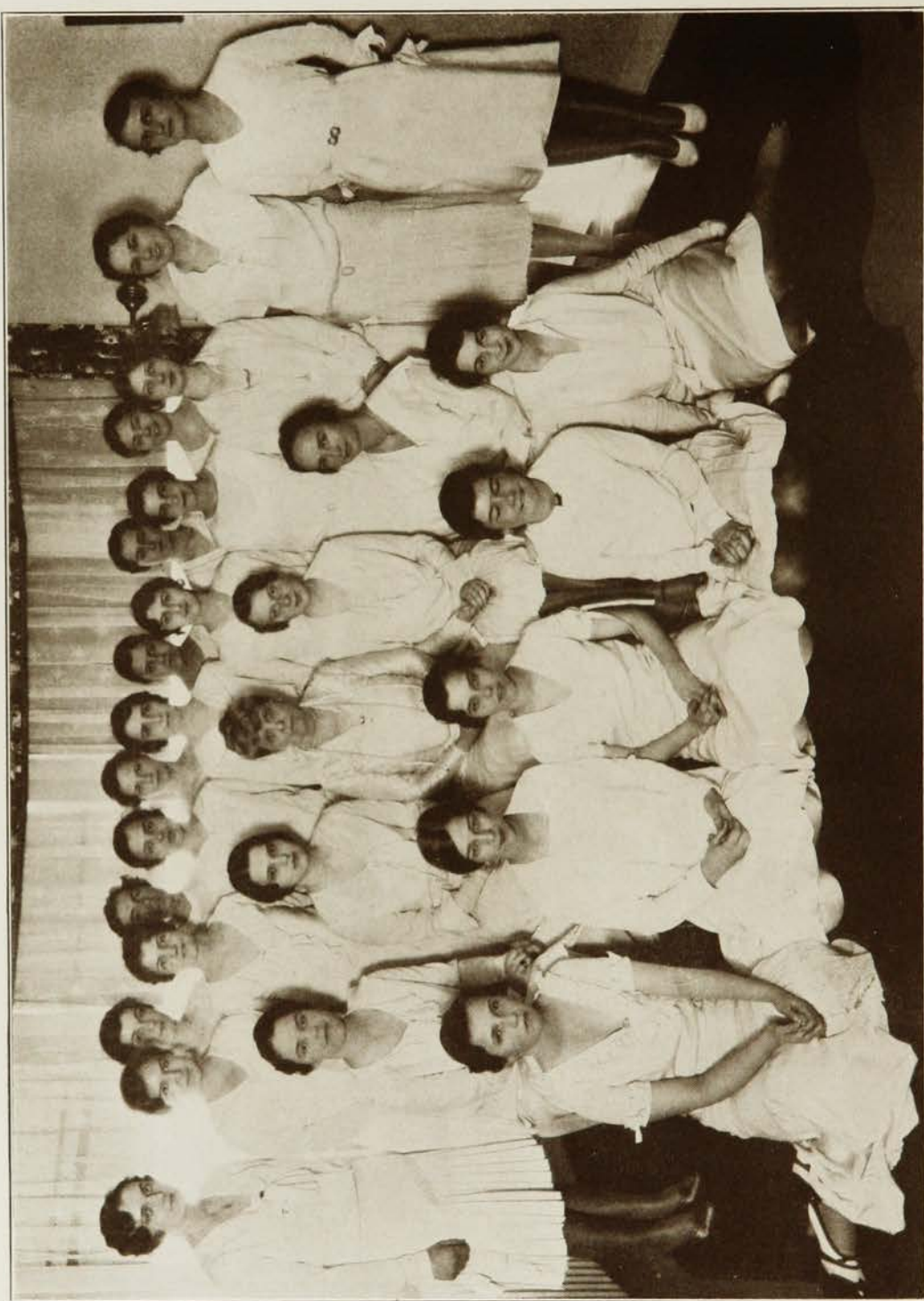
Monday evening, May 27, 1929

A SLIGHT DRIZZLE outside, but even the fact that the gymnasium was like the inside of a sardine box couldn't dampen the enthusiasm of the audience packed into it. And all this was because it was brim full and overflowing with the youthful ardor of "Peter Pan" and all of the other members of the band of lost boys. They took us back to those almost forgotten days when teddy-bears, sand lot caves, pirate clubs, and pink ice cream were so in vogue. Peter hitched his wagon to a star and we all climbed in. Peter, of course, was Peter, but in our backyard we knew him just as "Billy" Koenig. Peter made a thorough job of the pirates, ran his sabre through Captain Hook in the best approved manner, and rescued the charming Wendy. The role of Wendy was delightfully portrayed by Virginia Bryson, who never let one neglected ear of one small lost boy escape her scrutiny.

The scene aboard the pirate ship was wonderfully realistic, and the setting quite ingenious. How all those squirming children from the Never Never Land, and all the fat pirates managed to get under the deck was more than we could figure out, but the ubiquitous Peter arrived just in time to frustrate the wicked plans of that sinister and burly tar, Captain Hook. Since underneath the cocked hat and the mustache, Hook was really Connie Bavinger, the audience was almost moved to sympathy when she was eaten by the crocodile for afternoon tea. They were quite taken with Smee, the would-be ferocious sailor, played by Jane Robertson. Every character was admirably chosen and portrayed, and Mrs. Larkin again proved to be a splendid coach. The entire production had an air of rollicking good fun about it, and the actors seemed to enjoy it quite as much as did their audience. We, of course, couldn't forget Nancy Lee as Mr. Darling, and Katherine Street as his wife. Frances Leland, Sally Lawler, and many others in the cast deserve a great deal of credit. Then the audience adjourned to Great Hall for the reception and refreshments. We went to bed that night to dream of white rats, flying children, scowling pirates, and chocolate cake.



**CLUBS**



OPTIMA



## OPTIMA

MISS COLE.....	} <i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS HILL.....	
ALICE HAND.....	<i>President</i>
VIRGINIA CARTER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIANNE STEVENSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANE KENNEDY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

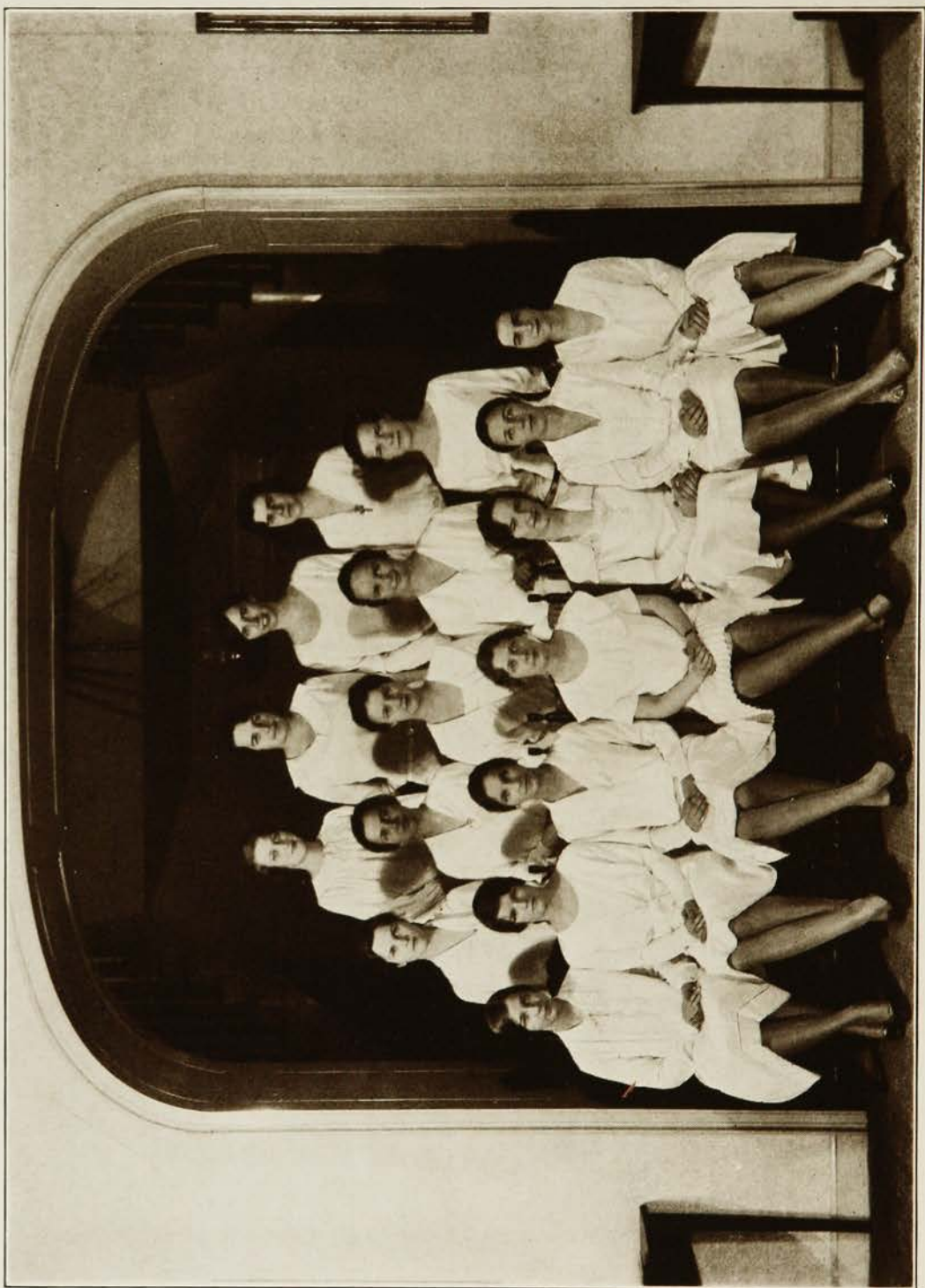
BARBARA ALLEN  
CONNIE BAVINGER  
BETTY BINGHAM  
MARY LOU BONTHRON  
ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
VIRGINIA CARTER  
ELAINE CHANUTE  
JULIA COTTRELL  
MARTHA DAVENPORT

JEAN GRIFFITHS  
ALICE HAND  
MARY CAROLINE HOOD  
JANE KENNEDY  
WILMA KOENIG  
FLORENCE KRUEGER  
LOUISE LINKINS  
MARGARET MCBRIDE  
VAUGHN NIXON

JANE ROBERTSON  
MARIANNE L. STEVENSON  
JEANNÉ STREET  
KATHARINE STREET  
ROSALIND VEREEN  
ELOISE WILMSEN  
FAY WILSON  
LUCILLE WINTER

OPTIMA is the honorary club of Mount Vernon, signifying achievement through effort, and it is the aim of its members to maintain and strengthen high standards of scholarship and citizenship. Besides carrying its responsibilities, Optima looks forward every spring to her Dower House Picnic in Maryland, where after a hearty meal of the South's best, gathered around the fireplace in the old hunting lodge of the Baltimores, we listen to tales of ghosts, and hidden treasure and British Redcoats.

Three years ago, a fund was begun by Optima toward a Victrola for the school. This year the Harvard Double Quartet is giving an entertainment, and with the proceeds from it, we hope to complete that fund. With the desire to do some sort of constructive work at Friday evening meetings, we aided a poor family with baskets and clothing. This new idea is but a beginning and we hope it will be carried on in future years.



LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS



## LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Chacun se demande ce que l'on fait au "Cercle Français" tous les quinze jours. Eh bien, voici notre réponse.

On se réunit à quatre heures de l'après-midi. On chante "La Marseillaise" ou d'autres chansons populaires françaises.

Madame Peltier nous parle de la France et cette année-ci le sujet de ces causeries est Louis XIV et sa cour. La causerie terminée, on prend le thé; on babille pendant quelques minutes; le temps passe toujours trop vite en l'on se sépare toujours à regret.

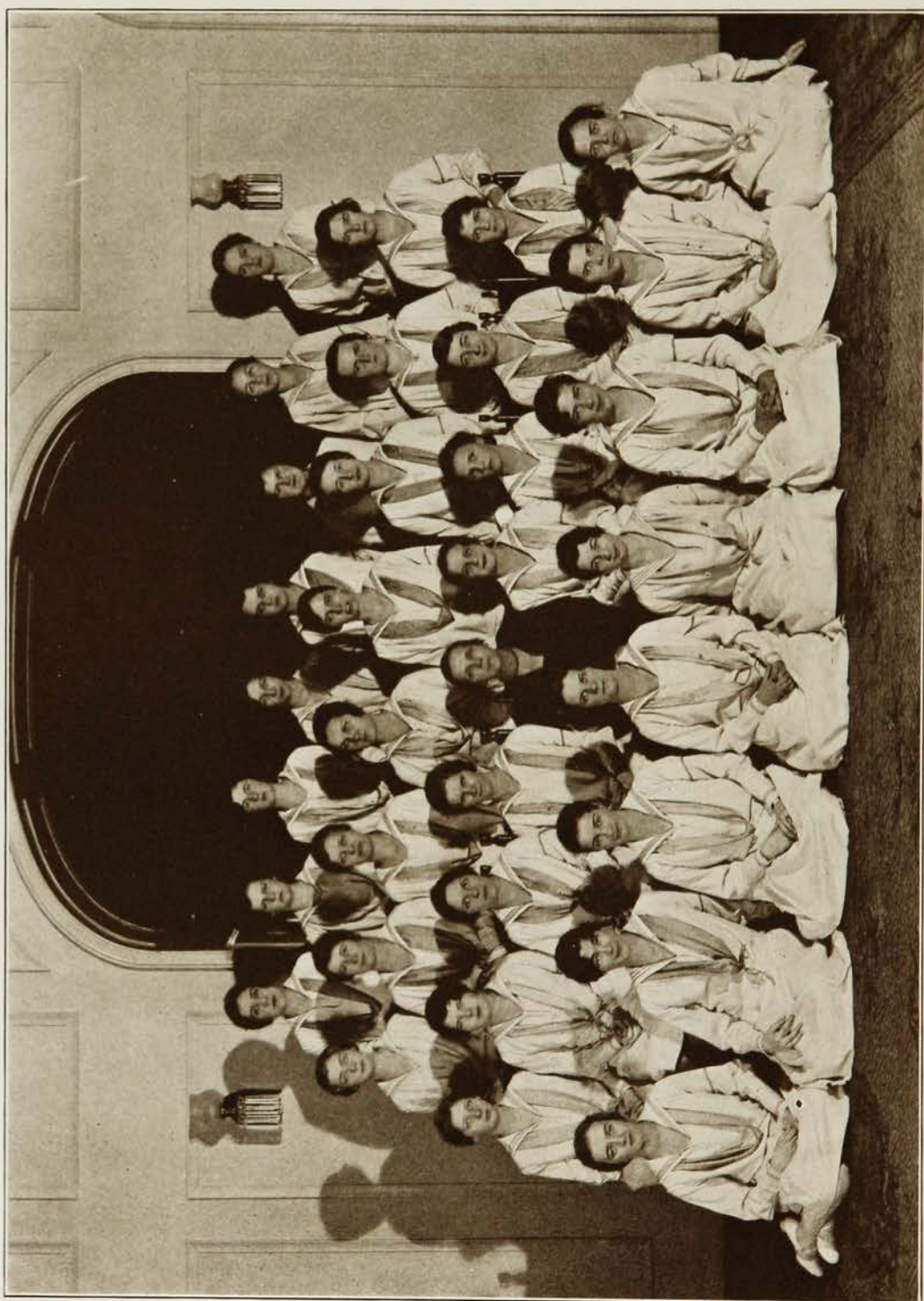
MADAME PELTIER, *Honorary Member*

JEANNE STREET .....	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE GIBSON .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JULIA MATHESON .....	<i>Secretary</i>
VIRGINIA WELLS .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

BETTY BINGHAM  
ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
ROSAMOND GARRETT  
KATHERINE GIBSON  
MARY CAROLINE HOOD  
FLORA KAISER  
JANE KENNEDY  
NANCY KLING

NANCY LEE  
JULIA MATHESON  
MILDRED MORRIS  
FRANCES PYEATT  
LYDA RICHMAN  
JEANNE STREET  
CYNTHIA WALDRON  
VIRGINIA WELLS

FAY WILSON



TREBLE CLEF CLUB



## TREBLE CLEF CLUB

BARBARA DORMAN .....President  
 ILMA JANE THEURER.....Vice-President  
 AINSLEE PUHL .....Secretary-Treasurer

MRS. PAYNE, *Leader*

### *Sopranos*

BETTY BINGHAM  
 JANET CARLTON  
 BARBARA DORMAN  
 BETTY FIELD  
 ROSANA KILPATRICK  
 VAUGHN NIXON  
 EVALINE NORTHROP  
 ZOE PICKERING  
 AINSLEE PUHL  
 LYDA RICHMAN  
 ELEANORE ROBERTS  
 ILMA JANE THEURER  
 FRANCES WITTE

### *Second Sopranos*

ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
 FRANCES BRINKMAN  
 ANNE FERGUSON  
 VIRGINIA MARKS  
 MARTHA NICKLIN  
 ETHEL ROYSTER  
 JEANNE STREET  
 KATHERINE STREET  
 ELOISE WILMSEN  
 FAY WILSON

### *Altos*

CONNIE BAVINGER  
 MARION DUVAL  
 FLORA KAISER  
 WILMA KOENIG  
 ELEANOR REED  
 MARIANNE L. STEVENSON

WHILE THE CUPOLA goes to press, Mrs. Payne will be patiently drilling us for the Commencement Week Concert. We hope that in that last crowded and exciting week before Commencement, surrounded by palms and an enthusiastic audience, and accompanied by the traditional heat, our efforts will culminate in as finished a bit of choral work as that of 1929. To Mrs. Payne goes our sincere appreciation for her tireless efforts, and thanks for the real fun we've had in "Glee" Club.



CHOIR



## CHOIR

### *Sopranos*

BETTY BINGHAM  
ELEANOR BOVENIZER  
FRANCES BRINKMAN  
VIRGINIA BRYSON  
JANET CARLTON  
BARBARA DORMAN  
ALICE HAND  
NANCY LEE  
HARRIET MINTY  
EVALINE NORTHROP  
CAROL PARKER

ZOE PICKERING  
AINSLEE PUHL  
SUSAN SCHRIBER  
MURIEL STOKES  
JEANNE STREET  
KATHERINE STREET  
ILMA JANE THEURER  
JANET WILLIAMSON  
FAY WILSON  
LUCILLE WINTER  
FRANCES WITTE

### *Altos*

CONNIE BAVINGER  
ANNE FERGUSON  
FLORA KAISER  
NANCY KLING

WILMA KOENIG  
VIRGINIA MARKS  
ELEANOR REED  
MARIANNE STEVENSON

## SUBSTITUTES

VIRGINIA HORTON  
LAVINIA HUGUENIN  
ROSANA KILPATRICK

CORNELIA LEWTHWAITE  
MARTHA NICKLIN  
LYDA RICHMAN

THE M. V. S. CHOIR was first organized in 1925 and has ever since been under the excellent direction of Mr. Adolf Torovsky, Choirmaster and mainstay of the institution. The strains of hymns resounding from the north on Friday afternoons tell of the regulars and substitutes hard at preparation for the Sunday Chapel Services. The Choir appears at special services for Christmas Carols, and for Easter with surplices stiffly starched for the occasion, and the Baccalaureate Sunday marks its final service together, ending another successful year.



WALKING CLUB



## WALKING CLUB

MISS GUARD.....	}	<i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS COLE.....		
MISS ELTING.....		
FLORENCE KRUEGER .....		<i>President</i>
ROSAMOND GARRETT .....		<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

BETTY BINGHAM	MILDRED MORRIS
JULIA COTTRELL	LILLIAN MORRISON
MAMIE DICKSON	VAUGHN NIXON
MARJORIE GAMMON	CAROL PARKER
ROSAMOND GARRETT	ELEANORE ROBERTS
JEAN GRIFFITHS	JANE ROBERTSON
ALICE HAND	JEANNE STREET
LAVINIA HUGUENIN	SHIRLEY STEVENS
MARY ELIZABETH JAMES	HELEN VAN NORTWICK
FLORA KAISER	ROSALIND VEREEN
NANCY KLING	CYNTHIA WALDRON
WILMA KOENIG	HELEN WILLIAMSON
FLORENCE KRUEGER	ELOISE WILMSEN
NANCY LEE	FAY WILSON
FREDERICA MERTENS	LUCILLE WINTER

AIDED by the new pedometer with which Miss Cole presented us, so many enthusiasts ticked off the mileage that we felt the necessity of enlarging our membership. With this added stimulus, we still indulge a proper enthusiasm in walking, especially when topped off with steaming wheat-cakes and maple syrup at our favorite haunt, the Purple Iris. Moonlight jaunts to Pierce Mills are in store for this spring, and with this anticipation we may say that Walking Club will have had a splendid season.



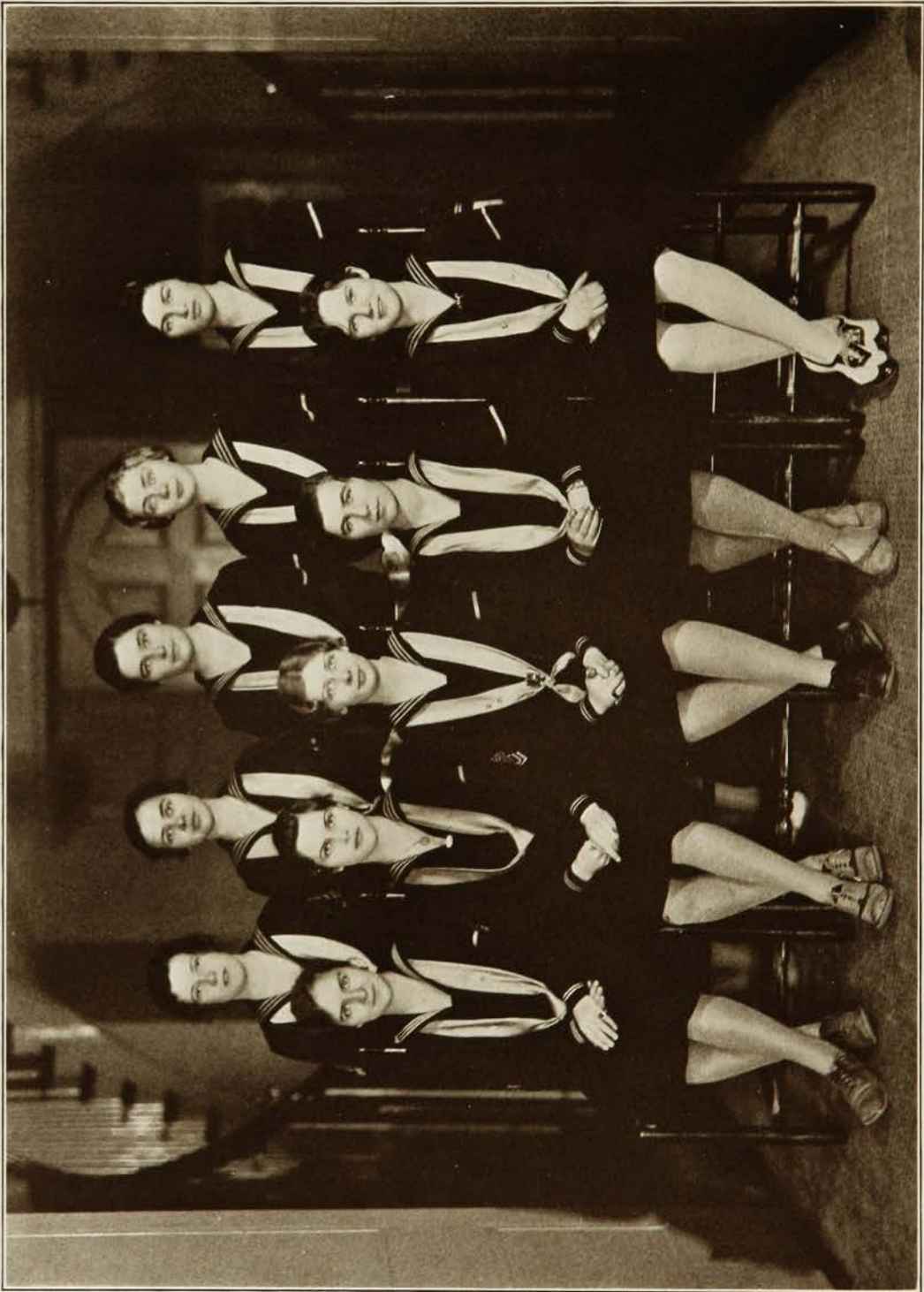
## SCHOOL GRANDDAUGHTERS

1929-1930

HELEN ANDRUS .....	(Helen Palmer, 1899)
BETTY BURKE .....	(Elizabeth Heim, 1910)
LAURA BUTLER .....	(Annie Gilbert, 1907-10)
ELIZABETH FIELD .....	(Ann Dugan, 1909)
LOUISE LINKINS .....	(Mabel Kent, 1903)
VIRGINIA MCFIE .....	(Phila Milbank, 1908)
CAROL PARKER .....	(Grace Marks, 1894-98)
HELEN RAY POTTER .....	(Marjorie Ray, 1904)
KATHLEEN RICE .....	(Margaretta Meyer, 1903)
DOROTHY ROGERS .....	(Dorothy Edwards, 1907-08)
SUSAN SCHRIBER .....	(Floretta Elmore, 1899)
EDWINA VILSACK .....	(Gladys Brace, 1904-1907)



**ATHLETICS** ↯



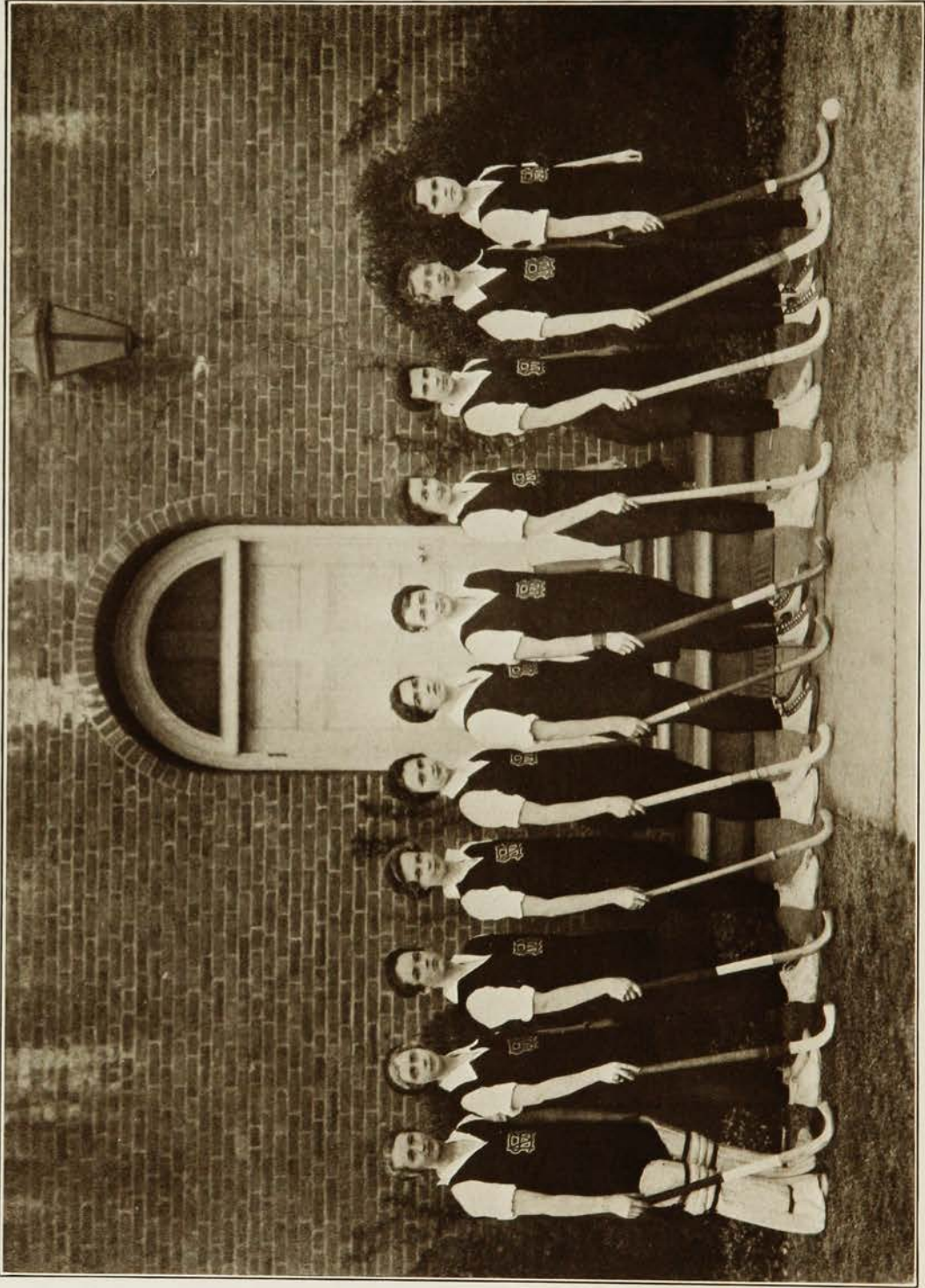
THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD



## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD

THE ATHLETIC BOARD, the executive body of the Athletic Association, is made up of the chairmen of all the sports held during the school year. "Its object is to stimulate the interest and coöperation of the students in administering the athletics in such a way as to build sane sentiments, habits, and traditions among the members of the school."

JEANNE R. STREET.....	<i>President</i>
NANCY KLING .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE BATES .....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MARGARET MCBRIDE.....	<i>Manager of Basketball</i>
KATHARINE STREET.....	<i>Manager of Hockey</i>
VIRGINIA MCFIE.....	<i>Manager of Tennis</i>
KATHERINE BYERS.....	<i>Manager of Swimming</i>
FLORA KAISER.....	<i>Manager of Track</i>
HELEN RAY POTTER.....	<i>Manager of Baseball</i>
SHIRLEY STEVENS.....	<i>Manager of Golf</i>
MARY ELIZABETH WALLACE.....	<i>Manager of Riding</i>
BETTY BINGHAM.....	<i>Manager of Archery</i>
ELAINE CHANUTE.....	<i>Manager of Minor Sports</i>



VARSITY HOCKEY



## VARSITY HOCKEY

ALL DRESSED UP, but where are the opponents? This business-like looking group of hockey players were all ready to play Miss Madeira's School this fall, but snow and rain interfered and made the field unsuitable for a game. They had practiced daily and kept strict training rules, eagerly looking forward to avenging last year's defeat. We give due credit and respect, however, to each girl who made varsity and have a deep regret that the fun of playing Miss Madeira's had to be lost.

## AMERICAN UNIVERSITY GAME

"Radios tune in! M. V. S. is playing a friendly game with its neighbor, American University, across the way. All set? Let's go!

On the run, the ball's heading for a goal for American University! There goes another, a hard one to make, and still two more. M. V. S. is defeated 4-0 in score, but not in her fighting spirit, or eagerness for the Class Games to come!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"M. V. S. broadcasting! An 'extra special' Hockey Supper was served for the Class Teams on Saturday evening, December 7th, at the Field House. Yes, sir, pickles, chicken, and chocolate eclairs!

Dot, dash, grrr . . . Miss Jean announced the Varsity lineup, even though the Madeira Game was called off. Here they are:

M. L. STEVENSON, *Center Forward*  
M. C. HOOD, *Inner*  
N. KLING, *Inner*  
L. LINKINS, *Wing*  
E. FIELD, *Wing*

C. BAVINGER, *Center Half*  
F. PYEATT, *Half Back*  
M. DUVAL, *Half Back*  
K. STREET, *Full Back*  
J. STREET, *Full Back*

F. WITTE, *Goal Keeper*

*Substitutes:* F. KAISER, B. CANFIELD, K. BYERS, M. MCBRIDE, D. DONOVAN

Miss Jean presented chevrons to the victorious Yellow Class Team who won the Championship Game Thanksgiving Day.

The supper, dancing, games, and ping-pong were all over much too soon. The laughter has stopped; coats have been donned; everyone is back at the house, and the Field House is locked up. Goodnight, everybody!"



VARSIITY BASKETBALL



## VARSIITY BASKETBALL

Forwards.....	{ CONNIE BAVINGER ( <i>Captain</i> ) NANCY KLING
Centers.....	{ HARRIET MINTY LOUISE LINKINS
Guards.....	{ HELEN RAY POTTER MARIANNE STEVENSON

*Substitutes:* MARGARET MCBRIDE, VIRGINIA MCFIE, FLORA KAISER

SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH . . . This is Station M. V. S., broadcasting. "The excitement has subsided, the Madeira contingent has gone off in Mr. Gassenheimer's green busses, and life has settled down to normal again.

This year Mount Vernon met her hereditary rival, Miss Madeira's School, for the first time on her own new outdoor floor. With plenty of space to run around, the cheering from both sidelines grew quite excited, and it was a draw as to which wore out the lungs of the other first.

Every minute of play was hard fought, nip and tuck, while the score teetered back and forth and the sidelines went crazy. The half ended with the score 17-15, Madeira in the lead. The second half was a real battle, with a "do or die" spirit, and when the final whistle blew, the scoreboard read, 33-28, and Mount Vernon went down to her first defeat in six years.

We always enjoy playing with Miss Madeira's, and look forward each year to renewing the splendid spirit shown between the two schools. Station M. V. S. now signing off to go to Tea House because "training" is over!



THE CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM

### CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY

**"H**EAR THE CHEERING? Yes, it's M. V. S. broadcasting the Collegiate-Yellow hockey game right out here on the field. It's Thanksgiving Day, and everyone is bundled up in steamer blankets and sporting white or yellow chrysanthemums. There they go—the Yellows have just made a goal and they now lead in the first half, 1-0. The Collegiates are grim and determined for this second half.

They're lined up. The whistle blows—hockey up, and the ball is off from one end of the field to another, but no goal is made. Excitement, good-fighting, high spirits—all are shown against a colorful background of a clear and frosty day.

The final whistle has blown and the Yellows have won, a hard-earned victory, 1-0. Signing off for Thanksgiving dinner'!

Yellow Team Lineup:



THE CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

### CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

“STATION M. V. S. on the air! We're broadcasting from the outdoor gymnasium, and the curtains are flapping so loudly we can hardly 'hear ourselves speak'. The Seniors, by virtue of their victory over the Juniors, and the Whites, having defeated the Yellows, are now pitted against each other, each team equally determined to 'sink' the other. There they go! The Yellows get the tip-off, but the Senior guards send it right back and there it pops,—into the basket. Good, swift and clean-cut playing right through. The players are out on the side lines during the half, eating oranges and plotting a few surprises for the last half. But the Seniors keep rolling up the score,—there it is,—final whistle and a lusty cheer ends the game; score 38-24. Here are the 1930 champions:

CONNIE BAVINGER (*Capt.*), JULIA COTTRELL, *Forwards*

NANCY LEE, M. STEVENSON, *Centers*

J. STREET, I. FOSTER, *Guards*



## The Cupola

### ATHLETIC AWARDS, 1928-1929

ATHLETIC BANNER.....	Senior Class
TENNIS SINGLES CUP.....	M. E. Haradon
TENNIS DOUBLES CUP.....	S. Wegener and G. Bacon
GOLF CUP.....	A. J. McKelvey
PELLETIER SWIMMING CUP.....	J. Cottrell
ATHLETIC MEDAL.....	S. Wegener
INTERCLASS BASKETBALL CUP.....	Senior Class
ATHLETIC MEDAL CUP.....	S. Wegener

Swimming Chevrons were awarded to S. Wegener, E. Vilsack, L. Linkins, J. Cottrell, M. Stevenson

### SWIMMING MEET OF 1929

The annual swimming meet was held April 20, 1929. Benedict, E. Vilsack, and Wegener were chosen to swim on the speed team. Each one swam two lengths, setting a record of 45 seconds, thus breaking the record of 1928 of 47 seconds. The White Class, with 32 points were first, while 24 put the Seniors in second place. Sookie Wegener swam off the highest number of individual points, and Louise Linkins was a close second. Diving, style swimming, stunts and relay races made it a thrilling meet, not soon to be forgotten by all who participated!

### FIELD DAY, MAY 18, 1929

From the "Evening Star":

The Mount Vernon Seminary track meet, held in conjunction with the annual field meet, on May 18th, found the Senior Class victorious with a score of 30 points, the Juniors second with 19, and the White Class with 15 points captured third place. . . .

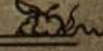
Susan Jane Wegener, a Senior, broke the broad jump record of the school when she jumped 14 feet 8 inches, equaled the high jump record of 4 feet 3 inches, and was individual high point scorer of the meet, totaling 24 points to her credit. . . .

A combined Senior-Junior baseball nine defeated a combined prep school team 26-20. It was a fine game and the losers rallied courageously but just a bit too late. The archery and croquet matches brought to a close an eventful day." . . .















**HUMOR**



MLS



## The Cupola

### OCTOBER 1,

*Dear Diary,*

I arrived at school today. My room-mate arrived also with her four trunks and six pictures of the men she's left behind her. She wants the room done in sea green, but she'll soon get sick of it. She says she has been invited to Princeton, Virginia, and Annapolis already. I think I will have to work fast to keep up with her, but then I'm as good a boaster as any.

### OCTOBER 2,

*Dear Diary,*

Found out I am a school granddaughter. Mother will be pleased.

### OCTOBER 3,

*Dear Diary,*

My class-mates are all very nice, some are not so nice of course, but it is all simply too exciting! Some of the names are simply too odd,—Dutch, Abie, Pony, Enner Jean, and Undah Wehr. Broke neck this A. M. looking for dining room, which is rather unusual for me, as I have a good sense of the direction of food. Stumbled over something in the hall, and when I picked myself up and looked around, at least a dozen teachers were standing around it. "Junie, poor poor Junie, did naughty girl step on you"? Have guilty conscience. Today at breakfast I heard that someone had prodded "poor little Junie" in the tummy. I think I have made a bad beginning.

### OCTOBER 9,

*Dear Diary,*

I was very rudely interrupted at 4 A. M. this morning. A whistle rang in my ear and my first thought was "Fire", and I leaped for my Sunday hat. Someone told me it was "Fag Week" but I knew it anyway. I was so flustered I nearly donned my clothes before rising, but pulled myself together and tore after my Senior. I think she was startled at my odd appearance, but showed great self-control and roared, "Let us on," so we on-ed all day, particularly at meals. I ate two cereals, four pickles, and a chocolate éclair. I couldn't study much tonight because of my stomach.



# The Cupola



OCTOBER 20,

*Dear Diary,*

First marks are out. Mother wanted me to try for Optima, but have decided not to.

OCTOBER 25,

*Dear Mother,*

I looked in my mail box today and discovered a bank statement with all the checks I've written. Have been adding and subtracting all day, but I can't seem to find the money I ordered with those checks. They seem to make such an unnecessary fuss about it. Will you please send me some money?

*Your loving daughter,*

MINNIE

P. S.—Have changed rooms. The one we saw last year must have been the Infirmary.

NOVEMBER 2.

*Dear Diary,*

Have gained five pounds. Must go on diet.

NOVEMBER 19,

*Dear Father,*

I have not written for a long time because my teachers all feel the necessity of long assignments. The candy brother sent in a pill box was fine, but my room-mate found it first. I am doing well in my studies except for World Lit. and Survey which I flunked, and for a below average in Art History. Thank Mother for the woolen underwear and rubbers, and tell her that my suite-mates have used up all my bath powder (it cost \$1.75) and that soda does not help my indigestion.

Give my love to brother, Aunt Hattie, Uncle Ezra, and everyone else on the party line at Gala Gulch,

*Your loving daughter,*

MINNIE





## The Cupola

NOVEMBER 27,

*Dear Diary,*

Thanksgiving Dance. Am thankful the orchestra was good. Had on new shoes. Feet were aching for next three days. Late hours don't agree with me.

DECEMBER 4,

*Dear Diary,*

Have lost my permissions for walking on the roof. I didn't have any left anyhow, but it was all such a big mixup; that is, I mean it was a mistake and the Marking Committee misunderstood. I wasn't really walking on the roof, I was retrieving the mystery novel which I had, in a moment of abstraction, accidentally tossed out of the window instead of the apple core.

DECEMBER 19,

*Dear Diary,*

Vacation,—hurray, whoopee, etc! Haven't time to do much else but pack,—can hardly wait to see dear old Gala Gulch, and riding in the family Ford will be a much better rattle than in Mr. Gassenheimer's green busses. Am rather nervous for fear family will forget to send money for Pullman fare.

January 9,

*Dear Diary,*

Came charging in from dear old Gala Gulch just in time to sign on the dotted line before nine bells. Trunk already here. Am thinking of calling it "Hesperus", it's such a wreck, but then I must have packed in a hurry that last night before leaving home. Can't quite remember the circumstances, but he certainly was cute——.





Ione



Ellie



Nancy



Dillie



Stevie



Betty



Connie



Fay



Mary Lou



"Griz"



Lucille



Julia



Jane



Rossie



Jeanne



Kay



Eleanor



Florence





## The Cupola

January 12.

*Dear Diary,*

I must abide by my New Year's resolutions this time because I really mustn't be marked off any more. That is, I've been marked quite often, but then it really wasn't my fault, and nobody understood how it ever really was. My resolutions are: 1. Keep bank account straight. 2. Keep strict diet. 3. Study more.

January 20.

*Dear Diary,*

Family simply furious. Sent them telegram collect to ask for advance allowance, and it arrived in middle of night. In return telegram they didn't mention sending any money. I really can't understand why they should have made such insinuating remarks.

FEBRUARY 5.

*Dear Diary,*

Am simply too worn out. Have been having projects for the last three days. Miss Elting does love to give such awful biology experiments and you know how I hate frogs and worms. Hope family has recovered good humor. Am short on funds and Mr. Rice is very sarcastic.

FEBRUARY 6.

Projects over. Life worth living again.

FEBRUARY 9.

Project marks out. Life again not worth living. Mr. Lloyd quite provoked. He seems to think that I should have answered the last question a little better. That is, he wanted us to write a model Constitution for the Third French Republic, but if the French spent four years writing a poor one, how can he expect me to write a good one in twenty-five minutes?







## The Cupola

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FEBRUARY 28,

*Dear Diary,*

I just got back from a perfect week-end. Was up at Podunk University, and it was simply too much fun! That is, you see, Hank was too sweet, and the prom was such a tear. The orchestra kept running out back of the stage, and when the music began to get poor, we left. Hank got lost from the road. Said it was engine trouble, but I really couldn't hear anything wrong. Did not get much sleep, and was asked some questions upon my return, but I told them it was only soot, and the train had been quite dirty. Overdrew bank account again. Have also gained eleven pounds since Christmas. Oh well, Mother always did like me a little plump, anyway.

MARCH 25,

Vacation day after tomorrow. Hope sufficient funds arrive in time. Big mix-up! Broke sick sign while playing Blind Man's Bluff,—the injustice of the world is depressing. Lost to Optima forever.

APRIL 7,

*Dear Diary,*

Returned from vacation today, parched and palpitating. Have lost some books. Maybe that's why I don't do so well in my courses. Went to Nancy Lee to see if she had my "Lady of the Lake" in her pond. Discovered you have to pay a nickel to get one insignificant book out. Left it there.

APRIL 10,

*Dear Diary,*

Seniors appeared in caps and gowns today, stumbling up the aisle with the tassels over one ear. Chapel same as usual except that I forgot to fall asleep, but that was only because someone next to me had the hiccoughs.

APRIL 19,

Teachers blossom forth in four new gas-buggies, and the window frames in a fresh coat of paint. Ho Hum, how time drags. Only a month more, and I will be back in dear old Gala Gulch again.

MAY 9,

Have found out where all the teachers disappear in the afternoon. I chortle to think that when questioned, they blandly replied that they were having their "awftrnoon siesta". Saw Miss Hastings and Miss Brown hurrying up the road in the general direction of Wood's Pharmacy, their hangout opposite the American University. They seemed quite naive and nonchalant upon their return. My kingdom for a spy-glass!

Have been unable to keep track of the teachers with automobiles. They have outgrown Wood's Pharmacy and are striking out for distant territory.

## The Cupola



Dear Father,

I lost the check you sent me, and now am flatter than a pan-cake. Will need money if you wish to see me arrive in Gala Gulch. This is what is called Commencement Week here at school. It is all very simple and sort of pure, and we die of ennui during the evening, and collapse with sunstroke during the day, which is another good reason for your sending me money, so that I may arrive home all there. We had to dance around a Maypole the other day for the Alumnae. I don't object when they ask us to sing, but when we have to dance a polka,—well, I draw a line there. Now to conclude this, my mercenary epistle, I will be home (if you crash through with a check) day after two days from tomorrow,

With love,

MINNIE.

MAY 27,

No check hove in sight.

MAY 28.

Check arrived *à la poste*, and I made a swift exit for the Union Station. Another year over with, and I feel as dumb as ever.





ALL OVER



## STAFF AND STUDENT BODY, 1929-1930

### PERMANENT ADDRESSES

JEAN DEAN COLE.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.
MARION ALCOTT BALLOU.....	104 Forest Street, Providence, Rhode Island
KATHARINE E. HILL.....	308 North Fourth Street, Stubenville, Ohio
MARGARET G. BARBER.....	88 High High Street, Brattleboro, Vermont
MRS. ANNIE M. BAYLIS.....	1236 Carrol Street, Brooklyn, New York
CATHERNE S. BLAKESLEE.....	759 Chestnut Street, Springfield, Mass.
MARY PITMAN BROWN.....	72 Pleasant Street, Marblehead, Mass.
BEULAH J. CARPENTER.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.
GRACE E. CARROLL.....	410 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.
FRANCES E. CHICKERING.....	The Wyoming, Washington, D. C.
AGNES DE LANO.....	7 Craigie Circle, Cambridge, Mass.
ALICE E. EDWARDS.....	1631 S Street, Washington, D. C.
HELEN DOROTHY ELLIOTT.....	3851 Yuma Street, Washington, D. C.
REBEKAH ELTING.....	2004 Holland Avenue, Utica, New York
MRS. J. C. FORMAN.....	Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.
MILDRED HANNA.....	2018 R Street, Washington, D. C.
J. LORNA GUARD.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.
HELEN C. HASTINGS.....	9 Corey Road, Brookline, Mass.
ELIZABETH ALGER HILLYAR.....	Fairfax, Virginia
ROWENA HOLDREN.....	207 Sacra Via, Marietta, Ohio
ALICE B. HOPKINS.....	7217 Blair Road, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.
MRS. EDWARD LARKIN.....	4555 Cathedral Ave., Washington, D. C.
CORINNE LEINO.....	106 East Harvey St., Ely, Minnesota
MR. GEORGE LLOYD.....	Baptist College, Cardiff, Wales
MRS. GEORGE LLOYD.....	Baptist College, Cardiff, Wales
MRS. CHARLOTTE GUARD McALLISTER.....	1312 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.
MRS. EVA O'H. MASON.....	Durham, North Carolina
JEANNE MOULÉ DE LA RAITRIE.....	315 Fifth Avenue, New Rochelle, New York
MRS. NETTA C. MURPHEY.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.
HELEN KINGSBURY MYERS.....	1420 Euclid St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
MARY A. NOURSE.....	3802 Jocelyn St., Washington, D. C.
MRS. ADELA K. PAYNE.....	Florence Court, Washington, D. C.
BEATRICE J. PEARSON.....	3 Tyler St., Brattleboro, Vermont
JEANNETTE PEARSON.....	21 Stockton Place, E. Orange, N. J.
MME. ELEANORE PELTIER.....	3 Rue Marbeau, Paris, France
ELIZABETH LANE QUINLAN.....	Waynesville, North Carolina
ELSA LOUISE RANER.....	1332 15th St., Washington, D. C.
MR. ROBERT H. RICE.....	413 Cumberland Ave., Somerset, Md.
MRS. ALYS M. RICKETT.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. D.
KATHARINE RIGGS.....	1837 Kalorama Road, Washington, D. C.
MR. ADOLF TOROVSKY, JR.....	2800 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.
ALICE M. TRIPPETT.....	1673 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.
HARRIET BELLE WALKER.....	2854 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.
ELIZABETH WINSTON.....	1812 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



## The Cupola

BARBARA ALLEN.....	752 Moss Ave., Peoria, Illinois
HELEN ANDRUS.....	111 E. 48th Street, New York, New York
ADELLA BADGEROW.....	1705 Grandview Blvd., Sioux City, Iowa
CYNTHIA BARTELS.....	2085 Albion Street, Denver, Colorado
FLORENCE BATES.....	100 Indian Road, Piedmont, California
KATHRYN BAVINGER.....	2314 South 32nd Street, Omaha, Nebraska
ELIZABETH BINGHAM.....	125 Prince Street, West Newton, Mass.
CLAIRE BISHOP.....	275 Summit Ave., Hackensack, New Jersey
GRACE BISHOP.....	275 Summit Ave., Hackensack, New Jersey
MARY LOUISE BONTHRON.....	865 Chicago Blvd., Detroit, Michigan
ELEANOR BOVENIZER.....	1305 Albemarle Road, Brooklyn, New York
FRANCES BRINKMAN.....	125 Third Street, Hinsdale, Illinois
DIANTHA BROWN.....	The Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia, Penn.
VIRGINIA BRYSON.....	2231 South 32nd Ave., Omaha, Nebraska
BETTY BURKE.....	Walnut and 63rd, Philadelphia, Penn.
LAURA BUTLER.....	50 Seventh Street, Beaumont, Texas
KATHERINE BYERS.....	314 South 19th Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
BARBARA CANFIELD.....	11830 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan
JANET CARLTON.....	126 East St. Joseph Street, Lansing, Michigan
VIRGINIA CARTER.....	321 Michigan Ave., West, Jackson, Michigan
ELAINE CHANUTE.....	375 Gilpin Street, Denver, Colorado
WILLIE LOUISE CLARY.....	1400 Third Ave., North, Great Falls, Montana
JULIA COTTRELL.....	1629 Wiggins Ave., Springfield, Illinois
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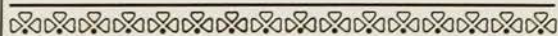
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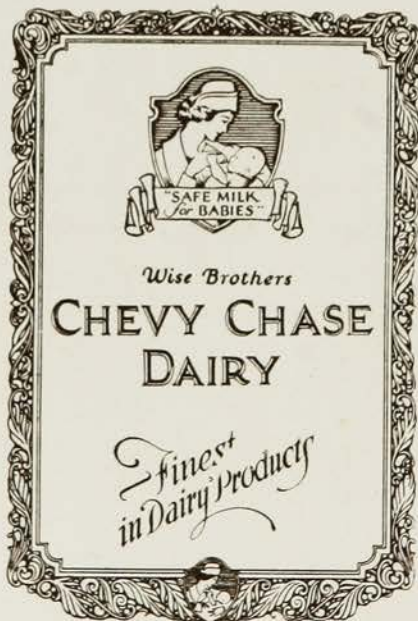
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